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[THE BYSTANDER September 14, 1938.

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 14—September 20

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CAN WE TELL?—Maurice Colbourne has produced this controversial play about a self-made industrialist, starring Edna Best and Jack Hawkins: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's play: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals between men working in a fortress; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, and a woman fellow-worker, Margaret Rawlings, in Charles Morgan's play: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GOLDEN BOY.—First-class acting by a new all-American cast in Clifford Odets' vividly alive play about a young violinist-boxer: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Lee Tracy, Tamara Geva, with excellent support; Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Aldwych, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—This drama of village life, half serious and psychological, half humorous, has Walter Fitzgerald and Dorothy Black: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30.

SHE TOO WAS YOUNG.—Impeccable period (1870) atmosphere and sympathetic parts for Esme Percy, Marie Ney, Edmund Gwenn, Dorothy Hyson, Ann Todd in a quiet emotional story: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30 Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THOU SHALT NOT.—An English version of Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, with Nancy Price in the chief part: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.—A charming production of Bridie's joyful play; Romney Brent as Tobias, Robert Eddison as the Angel, Edana Romney and Eliot Makeham: St. Martin's, 8.30. Fri., 2.30.

With Music

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a nautically tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 109.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

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RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); the Palladium (6.25 and 9; Wed., Thurs., 2.30); and the Prince of Wales' (1.30–11.15 non-stop).

"Golden Boy"

The new Group Theatre cast moved into this piece a month ago. Eric Linden now plays the boy, with Lillian Emerson still in her part as the girl. At the St. James's

First Nights

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Dodie Smith's new play features John Gielgud, Marie Tempest, Leon Quartermaine, Angela Baddeley: Queen's, to-night, 14th.

THE LAST TRUMP.—Seymour Hicks takes over the lead in James Bridie's play, from Malvern: Duke of York's, to-night, 14th.

HENRY V.—Ivor Novello's Shakespeare production; he plays the King, Dorothy Dickson plays Katharine, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Chorus: Drury Lane, Fri., 16th.

PAPRIKA.—The new Maschwitz musical is set in Hungary, with Anthony Eustrel, Barbary Bory, Malcolm Keen: His Majesty's, Thurs., 15th.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams leads in his own play, with Sybil Thorndike as his schoolmistress in a Welsh mining village: Duchess, Tues., 20th.

TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS.—Sir Arthur Pinero's play, from Buxton, opens the Old Vic season: Tues., 20th.

CINEMAS

THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO (American).—First-class entertainment for the fourth form, with Gary Cooper as an attractive Marco, Sigrid Gurie his princess, Basil Rathbone and George Barbier: Odeon.

BLOCKHEADS (American).—Laurel and Hardy get mixed up with some ladies this time; supported by *The Chaser*, with Lewis Stone: Empire.

THE EMPEROR OF CALIFORNIA (German).—Luis Trenker and Viktoria von Ballasko in the Tobis American historical film: Studio One.

THE MARKED MAN (French).—A fairly good spy film with Jean Murat as the ace, Viviane Romance as queen: Berkeley.

THIS MAN IS NEWS (British).—Excellent entertainment value in a Fleet Street story with Barry Barnes, Valerie Hobson, Alastair Sim: Plaza.

MATERNITÉ (French).—Francoise Rosay's classic: Rialto.

MAYERLING (French).—Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in her best film yet; the story of an archduke's hopeless love: Carlton.

NOTHING SACRED and YOU AND ME (American).—Carole Lombard, Fredric March in one; Sylvia Sidney, George Raft in the other: Tivoli.

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK (British).—Conrad Veidt plays the Stranger, helping the lives of Renée Ray, Anna Lee, Mary Clare: Curzon.

TEST PILOT (American).—Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Myrna Loy in a first-rate exciting air drama: Dominion.

THE RAGE OF PARIS (American).—Douglas Fairbanks Junior opposite Danielle Darrieux in her first Hollywood film; how a French girl makes good in New York: Leicester Square.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Walt Disney's full-length cartoon from the Grimm tale is gripping: New Gallery.

STRANGE BOARDERS (British).—Tom Walls' new film, with a new leading lady, Renée St. Cyr: Gaumont.

UNCLE MOSES (Yiddish).—A gripping story of New York's East Side Jewish quarter, where the old racial Judaism mingles with new Americanism: Academy.

VIVACIOUS LADY (American).—A pleasant comedy for Ginger Rogers, with James Stewart and Charles Coburn: Regal.

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION (American).—Warren William and Gail Patrick in a story of the law and jealousy: London Pavilion.

BALLET

THE BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO.—Massine is first dancer and artistic director: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PALESTINIAN BALLET.—Rina Nikova's company, with songs and Biblical scenes, makes its first London appearance: Vaudeville, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra in his forty-fourth season at the Queen's Hall: nightly, 8.15.

TO-NIGHT, 14TH.—Brahms concert; piano concerto in B flat (Egon Petri), 2nd Symphony, Hungarian dances; also Weber, Bach, Hurlstone.

THURSDAY, 15TH.—Modern concert, with four soloists; Delius, Glazounov, Stravinsky, Walton, Fauré, Sibelius, Schubert.

FRIDAY, 16TH.—Beethoven concert; piano concerto in G and piano sonata in C minor (Pathetic) (Myra Hess), violin solos (Isolde Menges) 4th Symphony, Egmont and 3rd Leonora overtures.

SATURDAY, 17TH.—Four soloists in a Rossini, Puccini, Saint-Saëns, Granville, Bantock, Dvorak, Handel, Sibelius programme.

MONDAY, 19TH.—Wagner concert with three vocalists; excerpts from the operas.

TUESDAY, 20TH.—Sibelius concert; violin concerto in D minor (Telmányi), symphonic poem Tapiola, symphony in E minor; also Bax, Székely, Tschaikowsky.

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The Bystander, September 14, 1938 No. 1813. Vol. CXXXIX.

The Bystander

Lee Tracy Settles Into "Idiot's Delight"

It is more than a fortnight since Raymond Massey sat in the audience at the Apollo Theatre and saw his former part in *Idiot's Delight* acted by Lee Tracy. Massey has now sailed for America to play the name-part in *Abraham Lincoln in Illinois*, by the author of *Idiot's Delight*, Robert Sherwood. Lee Tracy has settled into the part of the American hoofer and although he plays it more lightly than his predecessor, his interpretation fits squarely into the picture of a group of people overtaken by war. The rest of the cast is unchanged and headed by Tamara Geva, seen with Tracy here. *Idiot's Delight* had its 200th performance last night

Personality News

Joyful Celebrations in Holland

Last week Holland celebrated the fortieth anniversary of its ruler, Queen Wilhelmina. She is here seen arriving at the ancient New Church, where she was crowned as an eighteen-year-old girl in 1898. Princess Juliana and her husband drove over from Soestdyk to take part. The ceremony was enlivened by great popular enthusiasm, and many colourful costumes were seen, notably Prince Bernhard's and some Malayan rulers'

Commiseration at Stoke Poges

Georges Carpentier has taught his pretty daughter Jacqueline how to smile when beaten. She lost her first match in the Girls' Golf Championship by 5 and 3 to Anne Heywood, of Prince's, Sandwich. (More about the event on pp. 428-9)

One Among a

The Chancellor of the the 102 competitors in the ment at St. Andrews. But champion Lieut.-Col. A. to Sir John Simon's 12, in the first round. Lady

Left: Aline Tillard, of the Foreign Office, and Rosemary Miller, Lord Runciman's private secretary, know more than most girls about the Czech crisis. They are both with the Runciman Mission in Prague

Below: "Bunny" Austin is a tennis player who likes ballet and went with his wife, Phyllis Konstam, to the Massine Company's opening night at Covent Garden

They Know All the Secrets

Dressed to Match

Marina Chaliapine wears a striped suit and handkerchief that matches the Lido's barber poles, and sun beds. She is the younger daughter of the late and great Feodor Chaliapine

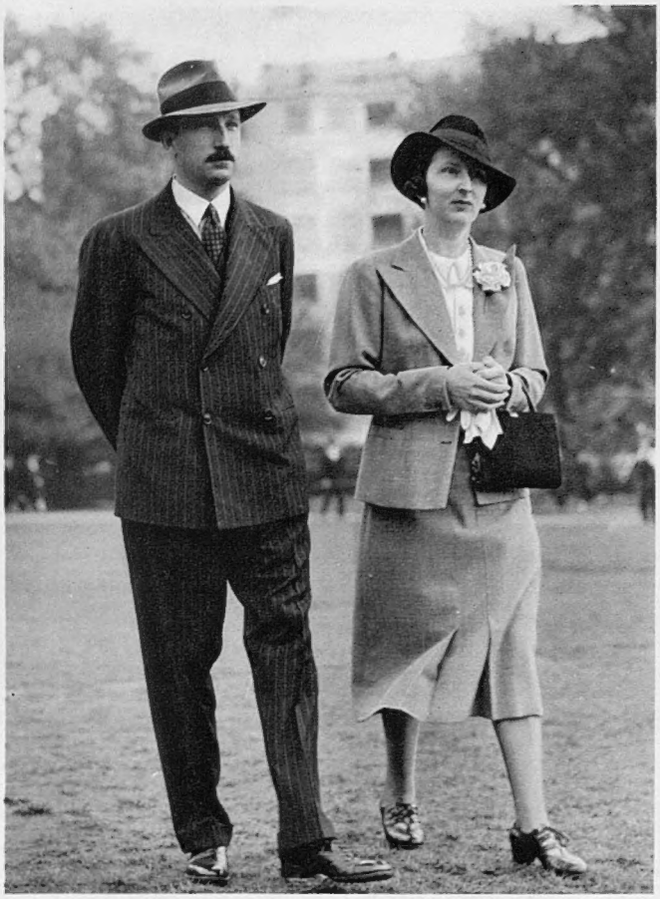
Entertaining Problem

The Comtesse "Andy" di Robilant and her husband own a beautiful palazzo in Venice where they entertain during the Lido season. She was Alanova, the dancer

Reel

Hundred and Two

Exchequer was one of Jubilee Vase tournanot for long : ex-amateur G. Barry, a 2 handicap beat him by 2 and 1 Simon watched the game

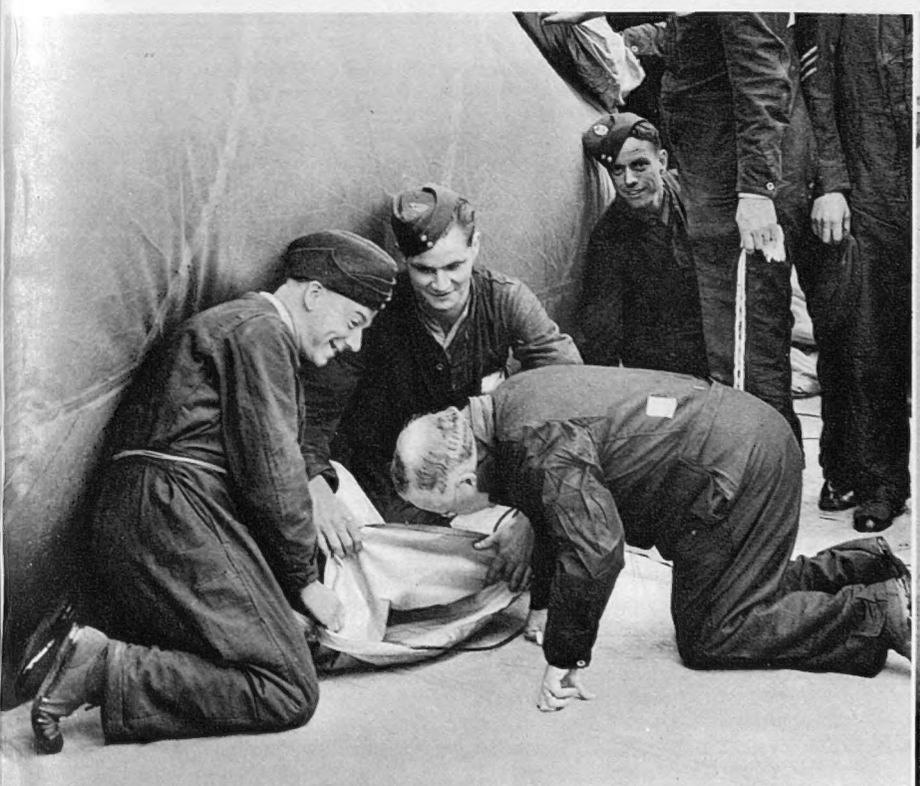


Europe's Only Czar in Green Park

King Boris III. of Bulgaria, officially styled Czar, and Queen Ioanna (Giovanna) arrived in London last week and after two days left for Balmoral as guests of the King and Queen. The Wettin ruler several times stated that his visit was purely private ; nevertheless he had talks with Lord Halifax and Sir Robert Vansittart. Fellow-guests at Balmoral were to be Sir Samuel Hoare and the Primate

The Three Choirs at Worcester

The festival of the Three Choirs opened at Worcester last week with a programme containing no startling innovations, but relying on old-timers like " The Elijah," " The Messiah," " The St. Matthew Passion," and much of Elgar, whose association with Worcester remains very strong. Sir Ivor Atkins, the Choir's conductor (right) was photographed with Mr. W. H. Reed, M.V.O., leader of the London Symphony Orchestra



In He Goes—and Out He Comes

By crawling, overalled and sand-shoed, into a balloon and crawling out again, the indefatigable Air Minister effectively draws attention to the need for 5000 recruits to man London's 600-gasbag barrage. He inspected No. 1 Balloon Centre at Kidbrooke ; saw eight balloons inflated, hoisted, manœuvred, and hauled in ; was impressed, as were all onlookers at the demonstration, by the speedy procedure and the obvious defensive value of the barrage (when complete) ; said balloon service was just the thing for active, healthy men between 38 and 50

Prague: "Lord Runciman is Still Here"

Rumours that Lord Runciman had left Prague last week periodically shook the admirable calm of the Czech capital until the next edition of the newspapers proved that the mediator had never had any idea of departing. Here, with Mr. Geoffrey Peto and Mr. F. Ashton-Gwatkin, he examines one of the innumerable maps around which centres the patient, endlessly resourceful, exhausting work of the British Mission

London: the Key of the Foreign Office

Lord Halifax has hardly left the Foreign Office since he returned from Yorkshire ten days ago. Endless consultations and interviews culminated in the Cabinet meeting on Monday. On Monday also the world awaited Hitler's final Nuremberg speech

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

On the first day of the Nuremberg Congress of the Nazi party, President Benesh handed the new Czechoslovak proposals to the Sudeten Germans. Great concessions are contained in them, in addition to the concessions which have already been made. President Benesh has offered a large measure of self-government to the Sudetens, with full legal equality of status, linguistic equality, full legal care of all Germans outside the Sudeten area, and with recognition of the principle of German-officials-within-German-areas. These concessions go a very long way towards the satisfaction of the now famous "Carlsbad demands."

But there still remains one Carlsbad demand which it is impossible to think the Czechoslovak Government will concede, and that is "full liberty to profess German nationality and German philosophy." In other words, can Prague allow Herr Henlein to set up a totalitarian Sudetenland, owing allegiance to the head of another State, within parliamentary Czechoslovakia? The thing is out of the question unless Prague is going to abdicate entirely its authority as an independent State. But Herr Henlein has announced that next month he will call a Nazi conference of his party at the Sudeten town of Aussig, thus implying that by that time Prague will have conceded everything and that Nazidom will be legal for the Sudetens.

There is also the unsolved problem of Czech foreign affairs. The Sudetens object strongly to the Czecho-Soviet-France understanding. Certainly it would be painful for them to be ordered to fight side by side with Russians against brother-Germans in the event of an outbreak. The Czechs ought to be the first to understand this, for they themselves had to face exactly the same difficulty when they were ordered to fight in 1914 for Austria-Hungary against Russia. They solved the difficulty by wholesale desertion. But can the Sudetens claim the right to dictate the foreign policy of a State of which they are numerically only 22 per cent.? And can Prague accept such dictation?

While Herren Hitler and Henlein were actually examining the Czech proposals, *The Times* selected that exact moment for suggesting that Prague might very well consider the solution of handing over the entire Sudetenland to Germany, lock, stock, and—as it includes Pilsen—barrel. As everyone knows, a vast majority of people on the Continent regard *The Times* as an official—or near-official—organ of the Government. The effect of this astounding gaffe was instantaneous. "The British are preparing to desert us," was the cry, and not even the prompt disclaimer of the Foreign Office could allay the feeling of distrust.

The effect of this almost calamitous intervention of *The Times* on the rest of the London Press was interesting. The *Chronicle* and *Herald* naturally were horrified. The sober-minded and balanced *Telegraph* said: "No more sinister blow could have been struck at the chances of settlement." The *Mail* said nothing at all, and the *Express*, which has all along said that, whatever anybody did or thought or said, in no conceivable circumstances could there be a war, was delighted with the suggestion. But then, in the same column, the *Express* seemed to be almost delighted with the father who stunned his twenty-months'-old child for waking up at the alarum-clock. "Who shall throw the first stone at the erring father?" it demanded. The operative word is "erring."

At Blackpool the General Council of the Trades Union Congress overwhelmingly agreed to support the accelerated rearmament programme. One of the most important of the series of decisions which the Council reached was the guarantee not to take action against the Government for any reason except an industrial reason, however much it might dislike the Government's foreign policy. That is to say, in effect, the Unions will not use their paramount position in the rearmament race to force political advantages for themselves or for their policies.

With a great publicity flourish the new Air Minister has visited the depot at Kidbrooke, where the first balloon squadron of the balloon barrage is stationed. There were pictures of Sir Kingsley Wood crawling into—or was it under?—a balloon, and columns of eulogy about this wonderful system of defence against air attack. But on close

Nuremberg: One March Past After Another

The least warlike parade at Nuremberg was the march-past of 40,000 "sun-browned and steeled" young men of the National Labour Corps, on which Hitler looked grimly, saluting over five hundred times in two hours or so. Herr Hierl, leader of the Labour Corps (right), and the rest of the staff stood rigidly in the cold wind and autumnal rain. Extreme tension overshadowed even the extravagant pageantry of the Parteitag

Twenty Years After

While German troops crowd the Rhineland and the French face them calmly from their fully manned Maginot Line, the Not-Forgotten Association attended a party in the Royal Riding School at Buckingham Palace. Here a guest arrives in the wheel-chair to which the last war condemned him

analysis the columns of eulogy became incredible reading. Eight balloons were inflated for Sir Kingsley's benefit and "scores of others lay in store, waiting for volunteers" to man them. But 600 balloons are needed to protect a ten-mile radius from Charing Cross. Five thousand men are still needed. "Obviously the balloon alone invites experimental work." Obviously the whole barrage invites a violent hustle.

In Spain General Franco continues to attack violently on the Ebro where the Government forces put themselves in a theoretically disastrous position by crossing a deep river against a hostile superiority in artillery. By all the rules they ought to be annihilated. Apparently an increased use of the machine-gun has enabled them to hold on so far. Barcelona reports, unconfirmed, say that Franco's attacks are being mainly conducted by fresh Italian divisions.

The *Saturday Evening Post*, oldest, most famous, and best-respected of American illustrated weeklies, has published a full-page leading article on the subject of war debts. The whole article is a slashing, almost vituperative, attack on Great Britain. The *Post* has a very good case to make out, and with vigour and logic it makes the case. But it is one of the tragedies of the world that at this moment, when Britain and France and Czechoslovakia, the last three democracies in Europe, are facing the most sinister threat to human liberty in recorded history, the fourth democracy, the United States, should only be able to complain about some arrears of dollars. We are standing up to the most appalling, militarist threat of tyranny—and don't forget that we are standing up to it at Singapore as well as at Scapa Flow—and the *Saturday Evening Post*, looking out at the world, can think of nothing but bailiffs and writs.

The Foreign Policy Association of the United States—a body which might be compared to our own League of Nations Union—has issued a remarkable document about the Japanese war in the Far East. The Association claims that the United States is supplying Japan with 54 per cent. of her entire munitions and raw materials for making munitions. This in spite of the famous neutrality act by which the United States claims to keep out of foreign wars. Guns, shells and aeroplanes are among the commodities shipped to Japan. Perhaps the *Saturday Evening Post* might care to write a leading article about this too.

Two bits of news last week encourage me in my campaign for the introduction of baseball into this country. The first is that Mr. McCabe, Australian vice-captain, playing against an England XI at the Folkestone Festival, allowed his side to go on dismally poking and pottering until he finally declared his innings closed, leaving his opponents 500 runs to get in three hours. The second is that baseball is becoming very popular in the R.A.F. at Halton, where there are now no fewer than thirty-five pitches, or "diamonds." Mr. McCabe's disregard for the Folkestone spectators, and for the spirit of cricket, will help me a lot. The only thing I don't like about Halton is that barracking is forbidden. Barracking is an essential part of baseball, just as sleep is an essential part of cricket.

The Soccer season has started with a great hullabaloo about transfer fees. First of all the Arsenal paid £14,000 for a young gentleman named Mr. Bryn Jones. Now it seems that another young gentleman named Mr. Stanley Matthews is, or may be, in the market for an even larger sum. Mr. Matthews plays for Stoke, but doesn't want to play for Stoke. He wants a move. So the cheque-books are out and around.

The Home Office has refused to allow a public-house at Pagham, in Sussex, to be called the "King George the Fifth." This is the most miserable bit of niggling, bureaucratic pedantry I have come across for years. The history of the last 250 years of this country might almost be written in the inn-signs whereon the humble folk of countryside and village have sought to immortalise in their own way the great men whom they have loved. And now some fool in Whitehall puts his niminy-piminy foot down because a village wishes to record that it loved a man whom everyone loved.

Messrs. Charles Graves and Charles Rhys got together a few days ago and began to boast to each other about their knowledge of the works of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. Chas. G. challenged Chas. R. to recite the names of the Earl of Emsworth's entourage, and Chas. R. accepted. Now for a history of this epic encounter we have to rely on Chas. G.'s account in the *Mail*. We haven't got Chas. R.'s side of it. And Chas. G. is pretty scornful about the acceptor of the challenge. "He admittedly answered all the easy ones," he writes triumphantly, "like the name of Lord Emsworth's prize pig (the Empress of Blandrup), etc., etc., but he couldn't remember" So-and-so and Such-and-such. Away with both your Charleses. The pig's name was Empress of Blandings.

Mr. Duncan, Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey, Lord Huntly

This important trio considered with pleasure the brilliant gathering and the brilliant weather which attended the Aboyne Highland Games: Mr. Gordon Duncan; Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey, a native of Aberdeenshire and M.P. for its western division and Kincardine; and Lord Huntly, who succeeded his grandfather as premier marquess of Scotland. He is Chieftain of the Games

Lady Sempill, Lord Aberdeen

Lady Sempill, mother of the present Baron, was at Aboyne for the games and ball with her daughter, Elizabeth (below). She sat in the enclosure next to Lord Aberdeen and Temair, who is Lord-Lieutenant of the county

Mr. Mackenzie, Lady Carolyn Howard

Watching the caber-tossing and so on from a rug on the ground at Aboyne were Donald Mackenzie and Lady Carolyn Howard. She is Lord and Lady Carlisle's only daughter

Miss Stirling, Mr. Hamilton

Marigold Stirling is the daughter of Sir George Stirling of Glorat, Keeper of Dumbarton Castle, and Lady Stirling; Alastair Hamilton is heir to his father, Brig.-General John Hamilton of Skene, and is in the Black Watch. They were together at Aboyne

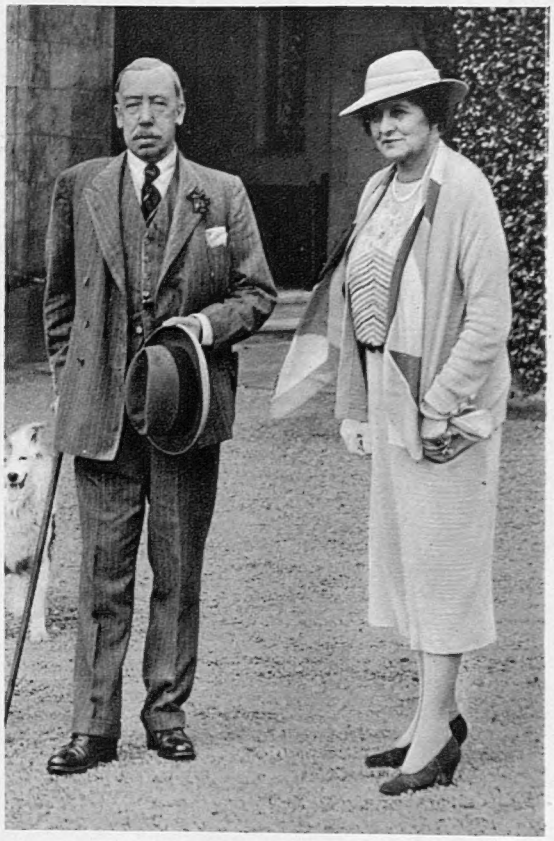
Mr. Wilson, Lady Flavia Anderson

Two more spectators at the Aboyne Games in Aberdeenshire were Geoffrey Wilson and Lady Flavia Anderson. She is Lord Halsbury's daughter, married James Anderson, of Beith, Ayrshire, in 1933

A Quick Look Round in Scotland

Lord Donoughmore: Disabled but Still Pursuing at North Berwick

The Irish Earl of Donoughmore lives up well to his motto, "He bravely bears the cross," for he still follows his loved game of golf, though unable to do so on foot. On the North Berwick links his electric wheel-chair is a well-known sight. Standing behind is Major Hugh Wyld, whose daughter Barbara Mary married Lord Donoughmore's younger son, the Hon. David Hely-Hutchinson



Queen Mary's Host and Hostess

Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie had the honour of entertaining Queen Mary at Alloa House, Clackmannanshire, whither her Majesty went from Holyroodhouse. Lord Mar, who has another Scottish home, Kellie Castle, Fife, celebrates this year his fiftieth anniversary as an earl: he succeeded in 1888

Miss Williamson, Miss Forbes-Sempill

These two are scions of Scottish noble houses; the Hon. Jean Mary Williamson is Lord and Lady Forres' only daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Forbes-Sempill, who was at Aboyne with her mother, Lady Sempill, is Lord Sempill's sister

Lord Tarbat, the Duchess of Leinster

An Eirann-Scottish photograph at Aboyne was provided by Lord Tarbat, heir to his mother the Countess of Cromartie, and the Duchess of Leinster. Her kilt is the FitzGerald tartan; her husband is head of the family, as well as Ireland's premier duke, marquess and earl

Miss Elisabeth and Sir David Moncrieffe

Sir David Moncreiffe, sixteen-year-old tenth baronet of that ilk, was a spectator at the Highland open tennis tournament, Pitlochry. His sister, Elisabeth, was a competitor. Their home is at Bridge of Earn, Perthshire

French Sun Story

Brother and Sister at Biarritz

Lady Mary Acheson and her brother Patrick have been staying with their American grandfather, John Ridgeley Carter, at Biarritz. They are the Earl of Gosford's younger daughter and son

American Countess

Lady Jersey (Virginia Cherrill that was) only spent a week in Biarritz and then hurried back to London to rejoin her husband

Roumanian Mother

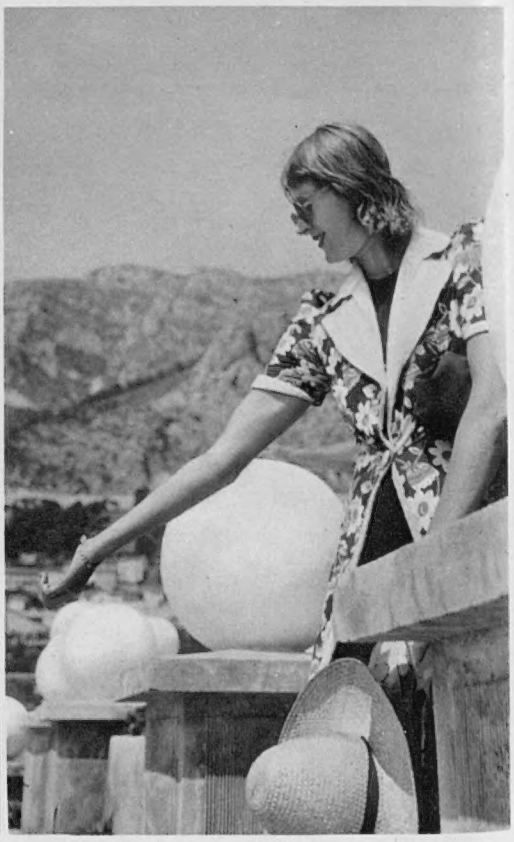
Mrs. Max Ausnit is a Biarritz regular, and this year had her attractive little curly-haired son Bobby with her

English Writer, French Tennis Player

Since Lady Eleanor Smith has her arm round Vladimir Landau's shoulders, she must be in Monte Carlo. He is one of its nicest "fixtures," runs the Country Club. She published her last novel, "Spanish House" in February

Better than Reading the "Times"

Polly Peabody, of New York, took a young politician's mind off the European situation with pretty ease. He is Michael Weaver, barrister and prospective Conservative candidate for Workington. She is Mrs. William H. Jacob's daughter



Not So Sunburnt

Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey draws the sun's attention to the inside of her arm. She has been at Monte Carlo with her husband and sons, goes later to stay with her father, the Duke of Westminster, in Sutherland, where he has a shoot

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 88

Sir Stenson Cooke

SIR STENSON COOKE, first and only Secretary of the Automobile Association, is probably one of the finest organisers in the world, but as far as I can make out, he began to earn his living with a job in the wine trade and eked out an existence by writing for the papers, notably the now defunct *Standard*. He was then an officer in the London Rifle Brigade. It was in 1905 that a lawyer gave him his great chance—of an introduction to the group of ninety pioneer motorists who needed a full-time secretary to take care of their interests. He got the job, with one room in Fleet Street, a borrowed typewriter, and a chair. To-day the bank balance of well under £100 has increased to a point where its annual revenue is well over a million a year with a membership of over 700,000.

IT was Sir Stenson Cooke who developed the road patrol system which remains unequalled; initiated the bold experiment of free legal defence; signposting on national roads; and that network of roadside telephone boxes. When he first became secretary of the A.A., Sir Stenson Cooke had not even learnt how to drive a motor-car. Since then he has motored all over the Continent and travelled throughout the world. He is grey-haired, very alert and alive, talks in a crisp way and can write all his decisions on a postcard. He dislikes long memoranda and any kind of elaboration. When he makes up his mind he does so immediately. He is very keen on "a tidy mind." When angry he gets silent, but he has a definite sense of humour and is fond of coining a phrase. In height he is about five-foot-ten, and keeps himself remarkably fit. Every morning he does Swedish exercises for several minutes before starting on the business of the day. He is a brilliant diplomat, and when on a Government committee is an adept at leaving his point temporarily and coming back to it later. Sir Stenson is always extremely careful about other people's feelings, and frequently says "Are we right?" when in the middle of a transaction or conference; at which he smokes pipe after pipe. Not surprisingly, he is a studious linguist and reads a lot, though not travel books. He is always interested in regional foods when abroad. Dances a great deal and still fences regularly. As a younger man he represented Great Britain in the Olympic Games at fencing. Still earlier he won both the officers' sabre and foil tournaments at Olympia. Even at the age of forty-nine he was the British amateur foils champion. As to his war record, having served in the Essex Regiment in 1914, he was quickly pulled out of the infantry, and after two years at the War Office, where he rose to the rank of Major, he became Controller of Supplies at the Ministry of National Service. One of his hobbies to-day is writing short stories. But you can see that he was a journalist from *This Motoring*, which he wrote seven years ago, and which has since run into eighteen editions. It is staccato and yet genial in style, a difficult combination. He is fond of the South Coast.

AS you can imagine, practically every Continental country has showered him with decorations, French, Belgian, German, Austrian, and Hungarian among others. His chief interest at the moment is in building up the various international motorist organisations throughout the world. For he is a great believer in team-work, a phrase that he frequently uses. And team-work is badly needed for the ultimate reaching of his goal.

Charles Graves

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Running Riot" (Gaiety)

THE title of the new piece at the Gaiety may be regarded as generic rather than specific. It would, in fact, apply to any show in which Mr. Leslie Henson is the presiding comic genius. For *Running Riot*, no matter whether he be *Going Greek* or *Seeing Stars*, is the unsuppressible characteristic of this latter-day Lord of Misrule. Moreover, are not his shows, in the jargon of the theatre, a riot, and do they not run ?

True, this latest outbreak of animal spirits seemed on the first night more than a shade less giddily infectious than its immediate predecessors. But that need not cause the backers any serious qualms. In the bright lexicon of Henson there 's no such word as " fail." If you don't believe which, here are the facts. Since Mr. Henson took the town in *To-night's the Night* in 1915, twenty-three years ago, he has starred in twenty-two West End musical plays and farces. Of these, how many have been flops ? The answer is : not one. The nearest Mr. Henson has come to a flop was in *It 's a Girl*—and *It 's a Girl* ran for 143 performances.

Can any other star, past or present, approach this record ?

IN content, as in title, *Running Riot* is less specific than generic. The plot, which consists mainly of kidnapping, and which was supplied to Mr. Douglas Furber by Mr. Guy Bolton and Mr. Firth Shephard, is just one of those incredible unintelligibilities. The hero (Mr. Roy Royston) waltzes with the heroine (Miss Louise Browne) in the traditional Lehar style, which means while temporarily not on the best of terms. Miss Browne makes familiar excursions into ballet, with circumvolutions of which the gallery never tires. Mr. Richard Hearne tumbles about like an acrobat in a most unacrobatic make-up. It is pleasant to see the same old team, including Miss Rosalind Atkinson, so niminy-piminy, Mr. Fred Emney, so amplitudinous, and Mr. Gavin Gordon, so sinister and so sombrero. But could not the same old team work do with a freshener ?

Which sets me wondering whether, in such cases as this, two criticisms should not be written : one for playgoers who have never seen the team before, and one for playgoers who already know it backwards.

THREE novelties in *Running Riot* deserve especial mention. The first and best is Mr. Henson vainly trying to keep his end up in an ever-lengthening House-that-Jack-Built song about band instruments. As this could come anywhere, it might well be placed towards the end of the show, where it needs strengthening. The second is a scene in which Messrs. Henson, Hearne and Emney, having stolen a number of clocks and concealed them about their persons, are driven to account for the internal noises they proceed to make, as striking twelve, chiming the hour, and emitting alarums. The third is an impression of the Lancers mimed by Mr. Hearne with imaginary partners. It was surprising on the first night to find apparently the whole house familiar with the figures of this long-unfashionable dance.

A word of thanks, in conclusion, to Miss Mary Lawson for her charming presence, and to whoever selected the chorus for his discrimination.

Charlie Coe, a temporary sailor (Fred Emney)

Sketches by Rouson

Funny men with car : Cornelius Crumpet, who trains fleas (Leslie Henson), and Montgomery Burkinshaw, a not-so-good scout (Richard Hearne)

Anthony

Gielgud in Modern Dress

This new photograph of John Gielgud shows him, roughly, as he will appear at the Queen's Theatre to-night in Dodie Smith's *Dear Octopus*, which comes south from Newcastle, Edinburgh and Manchester with a big reputation. He is acting in his first modern comedy since *The Maitlands* in 1934, and his public will have to get their ideas back from Noah, Hamlet, Shylock, and so on to a young advertising agent of the present day. Marie Tempest is his mother in the play, Leon Quartermaine his father, and Angela Baddeley, Valerie Taylor and Kate Cutler help to fill one of the strongest casts for some time. Gielgud took a holiday in the South of France after producing *Spring Meeting* (Ambassadors) in May. As owner of a house in Essex, he is a near neighbour of Dodie Smith; in town he lives in St. John's Wood

Angus McBean

Barbara Bory, of "Paprika"

Eric Maschwitz and his backers were getting through 300 applicants for a certain part in *Paprika* when a man walked in and said he'd got just the person. That was not new to Eric, but he said who is she? I won't say who she is but just you see her, said the man. In walked Barbara Bory, whom Maschwitz had promised a part when he was in Budapest. So she got it. The publicity agent goes on to recount that her favourite dish is paprika chicken and her favourite wine Vadaczoni. What is more interesting about Miss Bory is that she plays and composes music, for which she is as well known in Europe as for her acting. Her part is that of a gypsy singer who caused emotional trouble in the suite of King Edward VII. when, as Prince of Wales, he visited Budapest. Anthony Eustrel plays the young man concerned, Malcolm Keen plays his guardian, the Duke of Perth, and the Empress and Liszt also appear. Excerpts from the latter's music and from Josef Strauss and Rossini interpolate with George Posford and Bernard Grun. *Paprika* starts at His Majesty's to-morrow night

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Got the sprouts for The Laurels and the cauliflowers for The Laburnums?"

INCREASING numbers of large and predatory fish are haunting our southerly shores lately, which may or may not be of significance to those bloodshot chaps who confidently expect before long that Armageddon, compared with which the last European war was a girls' school performance of *Peter Pan*. Raiding sharks are being killed by fishermen with clasp knives off the Dorset coast, under the resentful eye of the R.S.P.C.A., and off the Cornish coast likewise, with rod and line. Whales have terrified bathers at Bournemouth and Weymouth, and other resorts by coming close inshore; fortunately one closer look at Bournemouth's bathers was enough for one recent whale at least, and he swerved round quickly and away. There seems to be no explanation for any of it, barring the one that these islands are doomed and the big fish are instinctively gathering round. (You expect to find them north of Great Britain, but not south.) In our view our dumb friends are not waiting for these islands to sink into the sea, which will take some time yet at the present rate, as scientists admit; they 're expecting some imminent big blow-up, and feasts richer and longer than Trimalchio's. What they don't expect, though, are the agonies of dyspepsia they 'll get from press-agents, booksy girls, little actresses, Liberals, charity organisers, and others whom the R.S.P.C.A. ought to be begging right now to go on a softening diet (is our gentle, embarrassed view).

Ants, Too

NOT to be left out of things, the rather redoubtable white ants known as termites, seem now to be taking a concerted crack at the human race, starting in America, India, and the Dominions, where they are doing about £50,000,000 worth of damage annually. We forget whether termites are those nasty little fellows who march in military formation and go right through everything in their path. Perhaps not; or are they? We read a book on termites by a Frenchman some time ago, and it upset and confused us almost as much as Maeterlinck's account of the post-nuptial fate of the common male bee. Hardly has the male bee or drone embraced his bride, high up in the clear translucent blue, than he hurtles to the ground a total wreck, reminding the bee-expert of so many smart Anglo-American weddings he reads about that the cry "Hotcha!" escapes him almost insensibly. Ants are even more ruthless than the Queen Bee, if we remember rightly, and termites are the most ruthless ants of all, devilish cunning and laborious, and responding to mysterious orders with automatic, Teutonic, blind obedience. At this moment they are attacking mills in British Columbia and houses in Johannesburg with equal efficiency, a chap reported last week, and as the entire human race is now preoccupied with fighting or preparing to fight its own kind, it looks as if the termites' Bismarck will shortly be dictating terms to everybody.

Their extreme cleverness—we shall have to look up that nerve-racking book again—is such that we shouldn't wonder if they had a Karel Capek among them, ready to produce a satire on the insect world called *The Man Play*. If, that is, they can find any insect players clever enough to convey the excessive cretinism of Man.

"I can never remember whether we sit down or stand up when it 's going to rain"

Eh?

X-RAYS could show if the Grosvenor House barman is right in his recent rather startling declaration that anything with a grape basis, even sherry and brandy, is suitable to be drunk with oysters. You certainly see citizens in the humbler kind of Paris bistro tossing back half a dozen or so rocky little Portugaises, including the juice, and a half-litre of rough red wine after them; but what shuddering observer can tell what this does to their insides? The prickly temperament of the Parisian populace, which is historic, may be due to such a habit, and this may well have been the sort of snack the mob took before it stormed the Bastille. However, it 's

for the Wine and Food Society boys to approve or condemn the barman's declaration, and if it isn't they'll probably do so anyway, so we suggest they hold a special session and call for volunteers for oysters with Cognac : say three dozen Whitstables and a couple of glasses of a good Grande Fine. Each volunteer would previously sign a statement safeguarding the Society's officials, their Hon. Surgeon would be in attendance with the silver stomach-pump they gave him recently, and the experiment could be written up very roguishly by somebody for one more whimsy book on food.

Can any epicure, gourmet, bellyfan, or pamperguts tell us incidentally why chaps almost invariably go whimsy when they write about food, from Brillat-Savarin down to (say) Paul Reboux and Mr. Bunyard ? Women, from Mrs. Glasse down to (say) Florence White seem to be able to handle the subject quite soberly without peeks or pirouettes. Why can't chaps write books on food without going archy-warchy like a lot of little butterfly Bergners ? is our stentorian cry. And if it comes to that, why can't chaps stop writing books on food ?

Macabre

"'STAGGERING' is not the sort of word that is used in Clubland," said *The Times* Special Correspondent in that picturesque area the other day, explaining that about half the clubs closed for cleaning had reopened, while the other half had closed. Like ourselves, Auntie's boy noted the presence of a large vacuum-cleaning van outside the Athenæum, but his speculations didn't go beyond conjecturing that the process was hygienic. To us the spectacle was macabre, even Poësque. We saw the myriad serpentine coils with their wide-gaping chromium jaws roaming round the interior of the Athenæum, inhaling with a dreadful sound fluff and dust and cigar-ends, stray black buttons off episcopal gaiters, abandoned wigs and toupés, old-fashioned ear-trumpets, forgotten donnish false teeth, scientific "property" beards, chockful of false premises and falser conclusions, bits of red tape off chest-protectors and body-belts, half-gnawed bits of toast and bronchial tablets, an old bed-sock or two, a crumpled page or two from pocket diaries inscribed in shaky hands "*Boo-Boo* 4.30, *Cartier's*," or "*Writ Winkypops re letters*," and—half-choking the rapacious maw of the ever-busy machine—perhaps a veritable body, in baggy black academic garb and elastic-sided boots, drawn with a plop from behind some bookcase, some long-standing screen, some crack in the panelling. Some don, perhaps, reported dead by his comrades, put hastily on one side by a busy Club servant, in the rush hours, then forgotten. . . . Or perhaps, judging by the dent in the ovoid skull, some chatterbox professor of history or economics felled by a rolled-up copy of *Punch*. . . .

A sad, sinister gallimaufry, and we 're surprised no literary member of the Athenæum, who sees Life steadily and sees it whole, has ever woven it into some grim masterpiece of realism and rebellion. Mr. Milne, say. Or, if it comes to that, Mr. Coward.

News from Areadia

IT was news lately to British anthropologists, but not to all of us, that round Norfolk and Suffolk way the rurals still, despite, or because of, compulsory education and the B.B.C., believe that midwives travel best to the scene of action on broomsticks. We used to live in a more southerly village where there was a witch, very like the Sybil of Panzoult, who could mischief cows and make love-philtres, which were needed pretty badly by the nymphs of that Arcadia, as the merest passing stranger could tell at a glance. The philtres must have been potent, because even Mrs. Glue's Annie, homeliest of Galateas, had to pack up in due course. We knew about this because, like the rector, the Squire, old Farmer Mangles, Mr. Turmutt at the forge, and other leading inhabitants, we got an anonymous letter in due course from Miss Verjuice, the organist, known to one and all as Poison-Pen Emily, making the usual accusations. Village life is never as dull as townsmen think it is. Old Mrs. Trugg, the witch, disliked us more than most because we knew how to make the Italian (also the Moorish) sign against the Evil Eye when passing her. Her revenge on us, since we hadn't any livestock to put a curse on, was to wish a couple of booksy boys from Bloomsbury on the village, which was a nuisance. However, old Mrs. Trugg took a dislike to them in due course, and made all their daffodils wither, which broke their yearning hearts. Young Job Chickweed also took a couple of pots at them with his rook-rifle, but only managed to hit Mrs. Mash's Gertie, who was used to it anyway. But it wasn't the two furriners from London who pushed her down a well and fired Farmer Oates's stacks, and we always felt that for the entire village to get after them with pitchforks a few nights later and burn their house down was rather unfair (as the parish magazine remarked next week in a trenchant leader).

Still, our village was more advanced in some ways then Norfolk and Suffolk villages seem to be. The district midwife didn't travel to her cases on a broomstick, but on a bicycle, dodging half-bricks and empty cans in a masterly manner. How the weedkiller ultimately got into her tea is still a matter for desultory debate at the local.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Did you or did you not ask this young man to help you with the fencing, Henry?"

In the Middle of Scotland

Tall Husbands and Small Wives

The Hon. Mrs. Murray and Lady Anne Rhys had been lunching with their tall husbands, George Anthony Murray and David Rhys at Gleneagles Hotel. The daily flow of lunchers and golfers, from shooting house-parties in particular and Highland holiday traffic in general, is at its September height

Family Party Play Gleneagles Golf

Men's Four on the King's Course

Colonel Micholls, gripping two golf clubs, stood in the middle of the family party above. The Hon. Marcus Samuel is next his father, Lord Bearsted; Lady Bearsted is next her two younger sons, Peter and Anthony Samuel

Waiting to exchange their putters for drivers for the second hole were Mr. Charles Sweeny, the Hon. John Fox-Strangways, Lord Willoughby de Eresby (Lord Ancaster's son), and Lord Dundonald, who owns Lochnell Castle, in Argyll

Capt. and Mrs. Pilkington

The Arthur Pilkingtons, she wearing a well-cut tweed suit, spent a day at the Perthshire hotel, and brought their Labrador called Boozer

The Earl of Breadalbane

Lord Breadalbane owns a castle in Argyll, but lives at Auchmore House, near Killin in Perthshire, is a keen fisherman and golfer, presides over his local golf club

Mr. and Mrs. David Baker

David Baker is the son of Charles Baker, of Letcombe Manor, Wantage. His sister is Lady Bridport and his first wife, who died two years ago, was Lord Bridport's sister

Films of the Day

Headaches for Hollywood

I SHOULDN'T be surprised if the London box-offices are shortly bringing some lines of distinction to the fine, broad foreheads of Hollywood executives. The English are a queer, irritating race, and their reactions after pursuing a pleasingly calculable course for a certain time, are liable to go different. Maybe it's just a malicious wish being father to an evil thought, but I can't help feeling that, in the matter of *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, the switch will come.

It is difficult not to be unfair about this film, but the thing that worries me is the cost of it. Is there any more economic market for these super-films which leave a hole in a company's bank-balance some £300,000 wide? I only ask because, in the same week with *Marco Polo*, I saw a film which cost just over £15,000 to make, in a British studio, without a single highly-paid star. It was not a great film. It was not even a very good film; but, unless my angle on these matters is more obtuse than any editor has yet realised, it has just about eight times the entertainment value of the Samuel Goldwyn product. Clearly, its expectations of inducing audiences to pay money in order to see it are about one-twentieth as ambitious, and, what with closed markets, other points of view and one thing and another, *This Man is News* may actually gross only about one-tenth of the receipts of *Marco Polo*. But if it does that, it will still have taught Hollywood such a lesson in baby-economics—shall we call it the Law of Diminishing Entertainment Returns?—as will cause shrewd men to send out for ice-packs and aspirins, and settle down to a few sums.

WHAT is wrong with *Marco Polo*? Chiefly, I think, the way in which it refuses its chances. Here is Gary Cooper, who in some respects is the best actor Hollywood has found in years. Here is a theme—the discovery, through incredible hardships, of a great, unimagined civilisation by a mediæval Venetian, ambitious, adventurous and impressionable. Here, best of all, is a theme without a superimposed plot. You can make your own Marco Polo do whatever you wish, in the full, happy certainty that no pedant will write in to contradict so long as you let him discover China and get in touch with Venice again. And, finally, here are £300,000 to pay for all the fun. You would have thought that two or three men with a certain amount of imagination could hardly fail to produce something interesting. It is my sad but bounden duty to recognise that they do.

GARY COOPER'S Marco Polo is just an acquisitive commercial with an impudent line in love-making. The wonders of the new civilisation pass him by. The Kublai Khan about whom Coleridge wrote is a tubby little Soglowish monarch who does nothing in the film except lose an army and roll concupiscent eyes over assorted lovelies paraded before him. His daughter, the Princess Kukachin (Sigrid Gurie), has a peeping little voice and a languorous ingenuousness which make her an easy prey for the commercial traveller's dreadful self-assurance. Basil Rathbone assumes responsibility for the rest of the plot, as a wicked Mayor of the Palace whose attempted seizure of the throne and Princess is baulked at the last moment by Marco and a rebel chieftain. His hammy dignity, by force of contrast, is almost impressive, but long before the dénouement, you will have made up your mind about him and the film. As to the way the big money has been spent—on selected wild animals, 5000 extras, special Mongolian stirrups, and, for all I know, thrones of mediæval jade—it is never once used to reinforce the dramatic strength of the story, but merely clutters up the screen at intervals with useless paraphernalia.

AND so to the consideration of £15,000, honestly and usefully spent on making a thriller with bright dialogue. Barry K. Barnes and Valerie Hobson play a newspaper-man and his wife who get themselves disliked by a murder-gang and bring adventure into the life of a mercurial Scottish news editor. Alastair Sim in this last part is richly comic—not funny enough to carry a film, but a really wonderful over-measure. The reporter's ménage is consistently amusing, and Valerie Hobson has just that cool friendliness in her voice which has caused the formation of Myrna Loy clubs in America.

The direction of David MacDonald is brisk and exciting; the story buzzes along fast enough to prevent your taking stock of it and, in brief, if I had not already seen *The Thin Man* and one or two other films like it and nearly as good, I should be prepared to hail *This Man is News* as a little masterpiece. It is not that, but it is as good as they come in this style, and, unless you are tired of the style, you should not miss it.

"This Man is News"

The glamour which, in fiction, surrounds the newspaperman's job has been excellently turned to account by the British film which went to the Plaza last week. The young reporter who scoops a story and glory just after he is fired is played by Barry K. Barnes (tie out, here), his charming and helpful wife by Valerie Hobson, a comic news-editor by Alastair Sim (coat off, here). The bowler hats are Gary Marsh and Edward Lexy

HOLLYWOOD, having bought Danielle Darrieux on her performance—which I shall never forget—as La Vetsera in *Mayerling*, has evidently despaired of finding another part like it for her, and has made what you would imagine to be a leap in the dark by casting her as a comic gold-digger. I shall not for very long remember her performance in *The Rage of Paris*, which is just an amusing bit of nonsense anyhow, but she gets away with it in glorious style. She is, besides being lovely to look at, a very capable technician, and I commend her timing to the attention of all would-be comedy stars.

The story concerns the efforts of Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, to rescue his friend from the clutches of the young harpy whom he has previously encountered in his own office, briskly disrobing with intent to blackmail. Her motives were actually not so ugly as this, but, with Helen Broderick's worldly wisdom to guide her, and Mischa Auer's hard-won savings as a waiter to finance her, La Darrieux is certainly not all she seems. You will not be surprised to learn that Fairbanks' motives prove less altruistic than he thought. But in the meantime Danielle has treated him to a range of ingenuous provocation, with a bewitching accent, which would have brought any sensible man to that realisation at least two reels earlier. I must deplore Hollywood's obvious intention of putting this actress into bread-and-butter comedy instead of emotional roles. But I enjoyed *The Rage of Paris* too much to feel solemn about it for long.

Les Sylphides

Fokine's ballet to Chopin's music is pure romantic, a blue and white lyric which tells no story but lets the phantasy wander to the heroic groves of the early nineteenth century, and casts an inevitable spell on every painter, every photographer of the dance. In this study of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo by Merlyn Severn, Tamara Toumanova dances the first role; she has returned to the London stage this summer after two years' absence. All of these Sylphides sail for America in a fortnight, for Massine's short season at Covent Garden has only ten days more to run

Dorette (1932)

Una (1929)

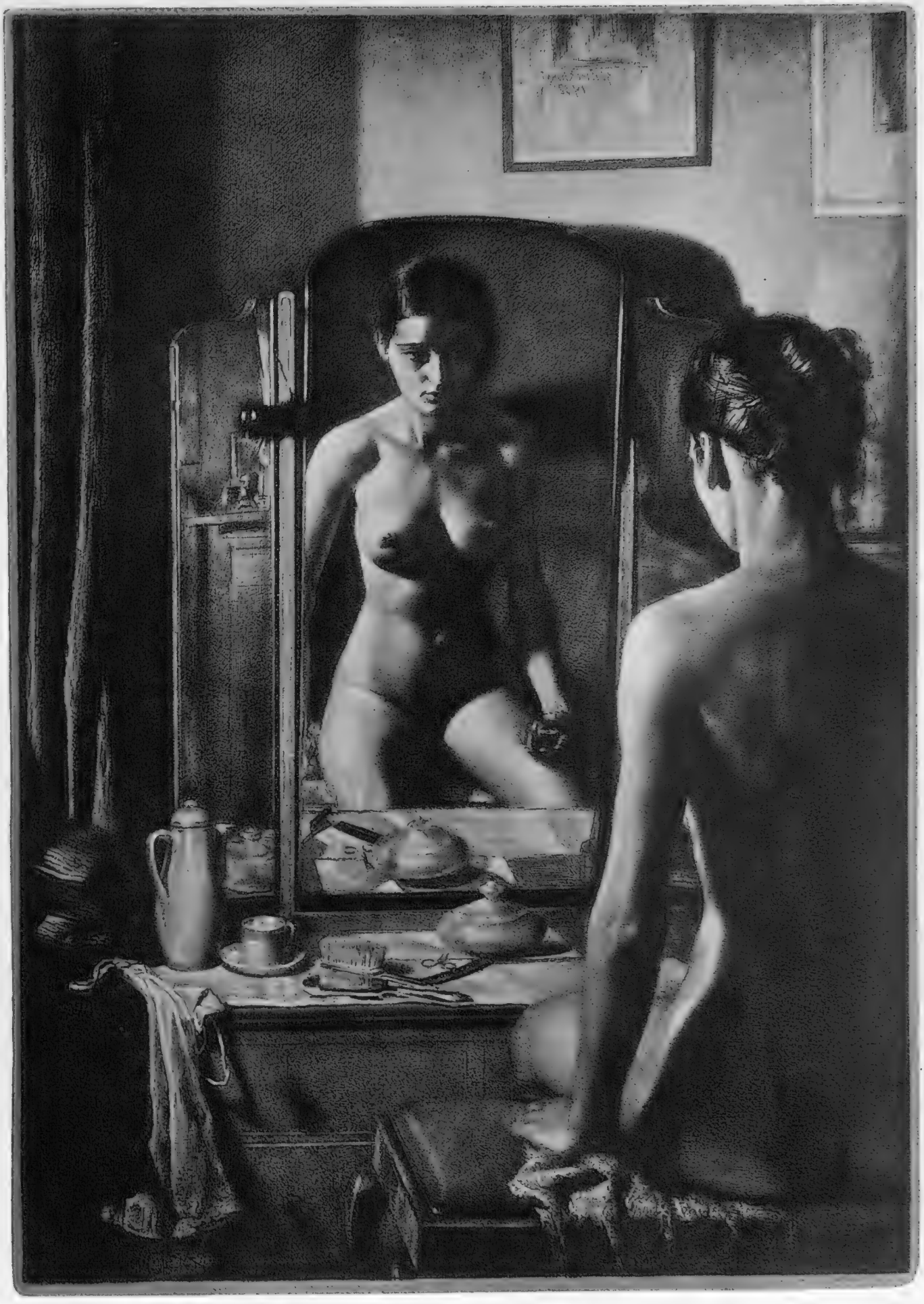
Five Etchings

By Gerald Brockhurst, R.A.

Gerald Brockhurst's etchings are well known to print collectors, perhaps more in America than here. But they are rarely published outside collectors' journals. In some ways it is a pity to reproduce engravings in the Press. In the case of the five here, prints have been photographed, they have been re-photographed at the printers' and re-etched on to the copper cylinder that printed this photogravure section. You are therefore seeing these etchings at fifth hand; the original proofs may be seen in the British Museum. Of the great etchers of this time, Brockhurst is one of very few who occupy themselves with portraits. His mastery of flesh and cloth textures is superb. "Most astounding academic draughtsman," "magnificent precision of hand and eye" were critics' praises of him in 1924. How both his craft and his art have advanced since then can be seen by comparing "Seule" with "Dorette." In "Adolescence" he has attacked and vanquished one of the great problems of his medium: a mirror. "Una" is a Creole woman; the children in "The West of Ireland" are daughters of a Ballynakill woman whom the artist had previously painted and etched

The West of Ireland (1928)

Seule (1922)



Adolescence, by Gerald L. Brockhurst, R.A. (1932)

Anthony

Miss Diana Barnato

Diana Barnato, her dark hair drawn smoothly back from her firmly modelled face into loose wavy curls, looks like some seventeenth-century beauty, proud and sad, whose lover could not love her so much loved he not honour more and rode away to the Civil War, taking her last smile with him. In fact, she is a twenty-year-old ex-debutante, daughter of an American mother, Mrs. Richard Wainwright, and a South African father, Capt. Woolf Barnato, and grand-daughter of the diamond king, the late B. I. Barnato (but she wears no jewels). She lives with her mother, stepfather and elder sister Virginia, in Regent's Park

Anthony

Mrs. Anthony Norman is the fair-haired Welsh girl whose picture by Gerald Brockhurst was one of the most striking portraits of the 1938 Royal Academy. She was Anne Hughes until last year when she married Sir Henry and Lady Norman's younger son with whom she has set up house in Montagu Street. Her father is Henry Watson Hughes, of Pontruffyd Trefnant, in Denbighshire. Her husband is in the A.A.F. (his stepbrother, Nigel Norman, is chairman of Airwork, Ltd., at Heston). Her own interests are artistic; for example, she paints flower pictures and very often designs clothes for herself

Mrs. Anthony Norman

Scottish Girls v. English

The fourth Girls' International Match for the Stroyan Cup (presented by Sheila Stroyan's father, Capt. John Stroyan) was won on September 5th by Scotland by four matches to three. This is an annual prelude to the *Bystander* Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges. So far the Cup has never left Scotland (figuratively speaking, since Scotland's captain for the four years lives in Sunningdale). Miss Helme deals with the 1938 match in her article on pp. 428-9

The Captains

Joan Pemberton succeeded Peggy Edwards as captain of the English side this year, but like her predecessor, lost to the Scottish captain, Sheila Stroyan. The latter has captained Scotland since the International was inaugurated. Both she and Joan Pemberton will be nineteen next month and so no longer technically "Girls"

Scotland's Team

Left to right: Y. M. Ogilvy and Ethel Anderson (reserves), Jean Donald, Jean McIntyre, Dorothy Frame, Pamela Brown, Jessie Baxter, Morag Morrison, Sheila Stroyan (captain), with the team's mascot Scotty. Of the Scots, Pamela Brown, Jean McIntyre and Jean Donald won their matches besides the captain

England's Team

Left to right: Diana Stephens (reserve) Betty Cosin, Sonia Swinburne-Johnson, Anne Scargill, Joyce Dickerson, Margaret Long, Maureen Ruttle, Joan Pemberton (captain). The three English winners were Maureen Ruttle, Joyce Dickerson and Sonia Swinburne - Johnson

Dartmoor Ponies v. Riders

They say in the *Sporting and Dramatic* office, where all the staff is dressed in jodhpurs, cricket pads, and/or crash helmets, that before learning to ride, skate, ski, etc., you must learn to fall. To learn to fall from a horse in such a way that you will never again be afraid of the four-legged creation, go to the "Dartmoor Rodeo" at Yelverton. There, amateur riders try out the unbroken ponies rounded up annually from Dartmoor. Out of two score amateur cowboys who tried their luck at Yelverton last week, only one stayed on till the horse was tired, Miss Nella Penny, above left. When the fun is over, many of the tough little creatures are taken to Barnet Horse Fair, where they meet their Welsh kindred and are offered for sale (below). This fair, with its attendant sideshows, dates from Henry II.'s time (*Bystander*, September 15th, 1937)

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, O.M.

The distinguished career of Herbert Albert Laurens Fisher has alternated largely between the towers of Westminster and the towers of Oxford. He first stormed the latter in the 'eighties, from Winchester, Paris and Göttingen, and won a first in Greats at New College. Like so many Lit. Hum. men his interests did not linger in the classical past. His first publication was *The Mediæval Empire* (1898) and it heads the long list of historical and politico-historical books which have made the name Fisher known to schoolboys as well as to the learned. He was President of the Board of Education from 1916-22, and so his lectures on Cabinet practice are particularly authentic. He has worked on Royal Commissions, he has lectured in America, he was Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield for four years, a delegate at Geneva for two. But in 1925, the year after he and his wife celebrated their silver wedding, his old college elected him Warden, so, at seventy-three, H. A. L. Fisher is back at Oxford. His Order of Merit last year was richly deserved

"Bystander" Short Story No. 156

The Story of Old Smith

By Michael Cobb

Illustration by Jardine

"You remember old Smith, don't you?" said George.

Somehow, the name seemed familiar. But in my mind I could not put a face to it.

"Old Smith?" I repeated doubtfully. "Let me see, now; which old Smith would that be?"

George shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Yes; you know, the old boy who potters about in the garden at——"

"Of course, yes. Poor old chap. How is he?"

"Oh, he's all right. Still pottering about. He likes to keep on, you know, and to feel he's still able to pull his weight. So I let him carry on. However, you do remember him, and that's the main thing. Well, the other day he told me he wouldn't be able to work for me for a few days as he was going away."

"Poor old chap," I murmured. "Why shouldn't he?"

George laughed.

"Oh, I let him go. But now comes the extraordinary part of the story. What do you think he was going to do?"

I could think of hundreds of things and of thousands of people that old Smith might want to visit.

"To the cinema to see Greta Garbo?" I ventured. "No; after all, he wouldn't want to go there for a whole week. Let me see. I know. He wanted to go fishing. Very restful for an old man of his age."

"No," said George shaking his head.

George had said it was something extraordinary.

"Surely he wasn't going up in an aeroplane?" I inquired in alarm.

"No."

"To see a football match, the Cup Final?"

"No."

"Dog-racing? The Opening of Parliament? The Lord Mayor's Show?"

George laughed.

"You might go on guessing all the evening. I've told this story to dozens of people and none of them ever guessed. So I'll tell you the answer. He wanted to go to Sussex to see his mother."

I gasped.

"His mother!" I repeated. "But it's impossible. He can't still have a mother; not old Smith. Why, he must be well over seventy."

"He's seventy-seven," said George proudly. "Seventy-seven, and she's a hundred-and-two."

"What an extraordinary thing!"

George smiled.

"It's a good story, isn't it? I was completely taken in myself. And the extraordinary thing about it is that I've known old Smith all these years and never suspected he had a mother still living."

"One wouldn't," I said. "It's quite incredible. Nobody would guess it. Let's try these two. Harry's a shrewd sort of fellow. See if he guesses it. Just you listen here a minute, Harry."

"Hullo," said Harry. "What's the trouble?"

"No trouble," I replied. "But just you listen to George's story."

"It's not about an Englishman, a Scotsman and an Irishman who went fishing, I hope," said Harry guardedly.

"No, no," I replied. "This is a true story. It actually happened to George."

Harry looked at George severely.

"You haven't sunk so low as to tell stories about yourself, a Scotsman and an Irishman who went fishing and——"

"No," I interrupted sharply. "This is nothing to do with fishing or Scotsmen or anything of that kind. It's about an old retainer of George's. If you can only keep quiet for a minute, he'll tell you; and I bet you a sovereign you don't guess the answer."

"Done," said Harry. "Let's have your story."

"Well, it's like this," said George. "I've got an old chap who works for me. Does a bit of gardening and all that sort of thing, potters about, and likes to think he's still in harness. Nearer eighty than seventy, poor old boy."

"You mean old Smith?" said Harry.

"How did you know?" said George sharply.

"Don't you remember I looked in at your place for lunch about two years ago, and the old chap was working in the garden then. Rather a fine-looking old man, with a white moustache."

"You've got a good memory, by Jove!"

Harry laughed.

"There goes your sovereign," he said triumphantly.

"Not so fast. That's not the story. That's merely the introduction to the story," I replied.

"Anyway," continued George, "old Smith works for me in a mild sort of way. Well, the other day he told me he wanted to go away for a week. Now, what do you think he wanted to do?"

"Is that what I'm supposed to guess for a sovereign?" said Harry. "If so, the bet's off. There's no limit to that. He might have wanted to go bull-fighting, bear-baiting, light-house-keeping or tram-driving. Or even huntin', shootin' and fishin' with a tribe of Scotsmen, Irishmen and Czechoslovakian piano-tuners."

"He wanted to go to see somebody," said George.

"That doesn't make it much easier."

"A member of his family," I said. "There, I'll make you a present of that."

"Man or woman?"

"Woman."

"Was she a close ——"

"I'm not going to tell you any more," I interrupted.

"Anyway, the bet's off."

"Well, then, I'll tell you," said George. "He was going away to see his mother."

Harry gasped.

"His mother!" He repeated in astonishment. "Well, I must admit I wouldn't have guessed that! I was going to suggest great-grand-children being married or something of that kind, but not his mother. Why the fellow looked as old as Methuselah when I saw him a couple of years ago. Most amazing! What age is he?"

"He's not far off eighty."

(Concluded on page ii)

Everything Goes by Air

By Charles Ward

Flying News

More than a quarter of a million pounds' weight of newspapers were flown to France by Wright-ways during the first half of this year, and although the 'planes take the air round about 5 a.m., 132 passengers were carried during the same period. The service was started in 1934 for a variety of reasons—the demand in Paris for London papers on the morning of publication; the enterprise of *The Times*; the availability of the "Dragon," a de Havilland medium-size liner that could carry freight at a profit. To-day, the fleet consists of three "Rapides" and two of the "Express" type, all of which are needed to cope with freight traffic that has developed during four years. Messageries Hachette handle the newspaper cargo, so that the London papers are on sale on the Boulevards at 8 a.m. Chief pilot J. W. Duggan has been flying the news since the line was commenced, and celebrated his thousandth return trip early in August. During the visit of the King and Queen to France, ten tons of newspaper were taken over in four days, including his Majesty's personal papers, which were specially delivered. Weather has stopped the service on no more than a dozen occasions in 2½ years. Take-offs in fog or other dirty weather are the rule rather than the exception in winter-time. Duplicated wireless and a generous margin of petrol give the pilots confidence for this somewhat risky job. There is a great opportunity for an extension of air news services. In Dublin, for instance, where a considerable number of English newspapers are read, those printed in London do not arrive until late in the day or are not on sale until the following morning. Even in the south of France, English dailies can be bought in the early evening.

The Spanish Main

Twenty years ago, a company called Bermuda and West Atlantic Aviation planned routes that would link North and South America via the West Indian Islands. Pioneer flights were made with some Supermarine boats in Trinidad, British Guiana, and Venezuela, but the Company's efforts were not backed by any of the Governments concerned, except a contribution from British Guiana towards the cost of a small survey. Since those days the United States has established a complete network of lines in both continents, and the Dutch, through K.L.M., have connected their colonies with Venezuela and plan to go north to Miami. There is room for a British service, quite apart from the desirability of linking-up our possessions, and the Colonial Office is rumoured to be holding an enquiry. Trinidad is the logical centre for any service, with lines radiating to Jamaica, British Honduras, Florida, and southwards to connect in Brazil with our new South Atlantic line. It needs the enterprise of a company free from commitments elsewhere to develop the scheme. The old Bermuda Company had three big concerns backing it—Beardmores, Avro's, and Furness, Withy. Perhaps some similar combination of manufacturers and a shipping line will emerge as a result of the present need.

Way Down East

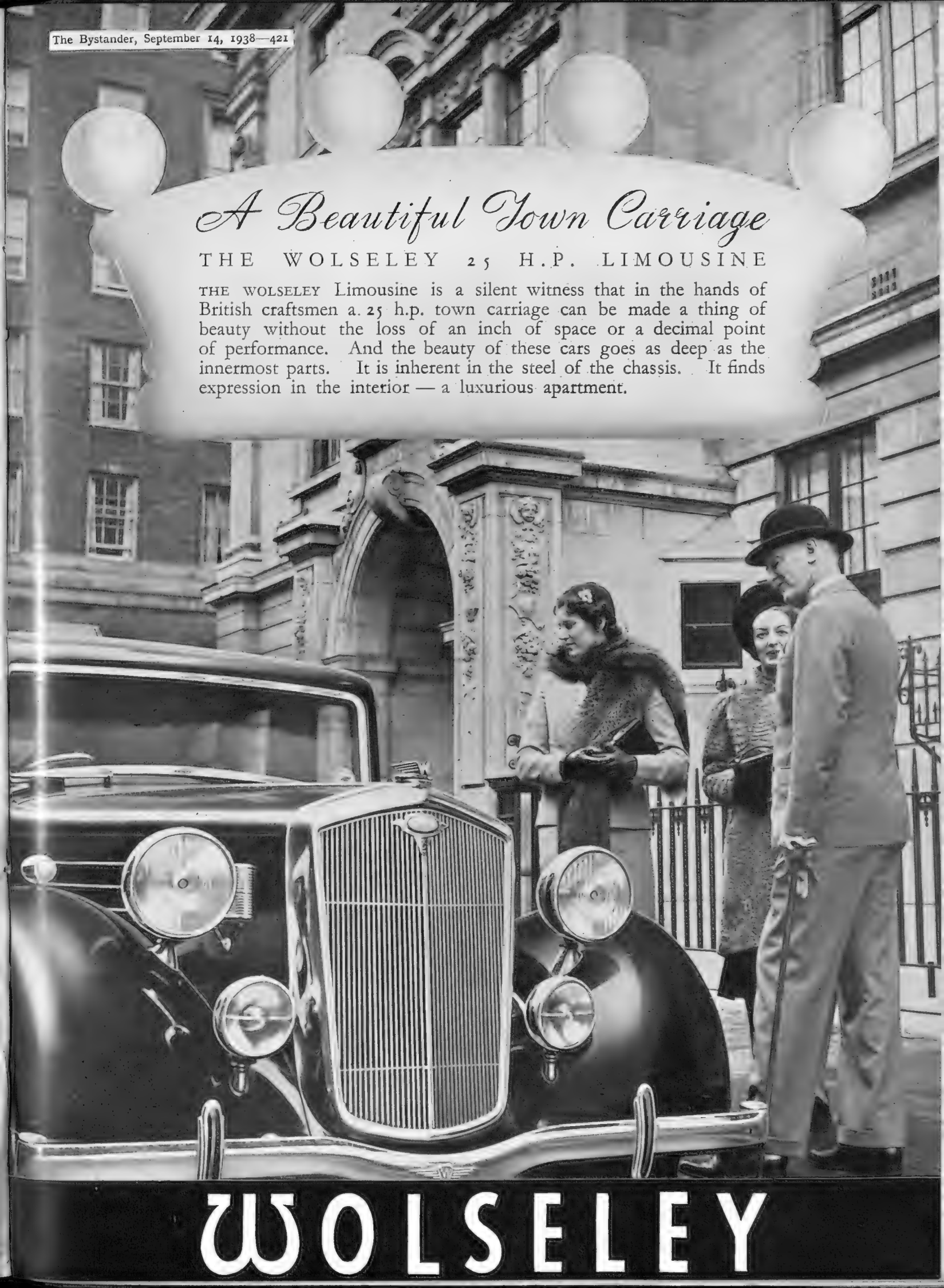
The Indian Ocean is the next area to which attention is being directed for flying-boat operation. From Zanzibar, a convenient base off the East African coast, the distance to Australia via the Seychelles and the Cocos Islands is about 4500 miles. As an alternative route to the Far East, valuable in time of emergency, this one has the advantage of connecting British territories. The Seychelles could also be linked with Ceylon and the Cocos Islands are within range of Singapore, so there seems good reason for a flight of survey, to determine the difficulties and establish bases on the islands mentioned. Farther east, the Postmaster-General is sending all first-class mail to Hong Kong by air. Two services a week will link our Chinese port with England, delivery time being seven days. Mails which left Southampton by flying-boat on August 25th arrived in Hong Kong on the 30th. The easiest way to check up on an air-mail letter despatched or expected is to consult "Aircraft Movements," which is a daily feature in *The Times* on the shipping page. In addition to Imperial Airways' services, those of Air France to the East and South America, of K.L.M. to the East, and of Sabena to the Congo are given.

In Line Abreast

Hawker "Furies" of No. 1 Squadron flying over half-wooded country near Tangmere

Home Notes

In the matter of selecting the first pupils to be trained under the Civil Air Guard scheme, each club is being left to make its own decision. No general rule applies, but those who can fly during the week from Monday till Friday, and in the daytime, are regarded most favourably, because this is the period when instructors and aircraft are most free. The shortage of instructors and of ultra-light aircraft is acute. Some different plan is needed for teaching people to fly. A thousand hours' solo are not necessary before a man is qualified to instruct. One hundred hours should be ample for anyone of the right type. During the European war, many of the best instructors were those who commenced to teach others after thirty or forty hours, and the same would apply to-day if clubs were allowed to make appointments from amongst their experienced members whose flying qualities were known.



A Beautiful Town Carriage

THE WOLSELEY 25 H.P. LIMOUSINE

THE WOLSELEY Limousine is a silent witness that in the hands of British craftsmen a 25 h.p. town carriage can be made a thing of beauty without the loss of an inch of space or a decimal point of performance. And the beauty of these cars goes as deep as the innermost parts. It is inherent in the steel of the chassis. It finds expression in the interior — a luxurious apartment.

WOLSELEY

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Another Little Russian Song . . .

By V. S. Pritchett

Six of our eminent contemporaries declare on the "blurb" of Mr. R. C. Hutchinson's new novel, *Testament* (Cassell; 9*s*.), that he is one of the greatest living novelists. This, like everything that our eminent contemporaries have to say about one another's novels, needs a grain of salt. The great length of his books, caused by his lack of any sense of proportion about details, no doubt impresses; but it seems to me a vice to make a book three times as long as it need be. And for an Englishman to write a novel entirely about Russian characters and a Russian scene with remarkable verisimilitude does not necessarily argue great creative imagination, but rather industry and a good memory. *Testament* is a talented book, but it is monumentally unoriginal and it will be familiar to all who have read their Russian literature—particularly *Crime and Punishment*—and the eye-witness reports of the Revolution.

However, as people say apologetically about *Gone With the Wind*, "it is much better than you would think." The story is put in the mouth of Captain Otraveskov, who, besides telling his own story, is concerned with that of his mystical friend, Count Anton Scheffler. They meet in a field hospital when they are both prisoners of the Austrians during the war, and Scheffler prevents an hysterical doctor from amputating Otraveskov's leg. A civilian and a lawyer, noted for taking up hopeless cases and losing them against the interminable circumlocution, faked evidence and espionage of the Tsarist judicial system, Scheffler is our old friend Prince Mishkin in a Quakerish Catholic disguise. He is soon refusing on human grounds to send "reconditioned" men back to the line. Fundamentally, his is the Christian stand against the delegation of conscience, and, to the horror of his fellow-officers, Scheffler blandly observes that honour is "merely a formula for the hobbies of the privileged."

Obviously Scheffler, like all primitive Christians, is far more revolutionary than any social revolutionary, and he is no better off after the revolution than before it. Vague, melancholy and alone, he is the predestined martyr. His enemies, too clever to challenge his idealism, plant evidence of corruption. Otraveskov, who tries to rescue him, is lucky to escape with his life.

Otraveskov is without Scheffler's faith. The Tsarist bureaucracy have driven Otraveskov's wife out of her mind and his child to starvation in a baby farm—a reminder of Gogol here—and this discovery, after the horrors of the war, is too much. His is the morally exhausted post-war mind: "I can love the small things I have got used to loving—but I see the rest as men who cannot matter. I have no more care for them than I have for flies circling round a horse's ears."

The innumerable episodes and the simple if monotonous style at first arouse admiration, but the very fecundity of Mr. Hutchinson defeats itself. There are far too many long descriptions of people, clothes, rooms, interrogations, journeys. The ethical problem has a comfortable, remote mournfulness about it like a rainy day. The one excellent unconventional portrait, for Scheffler is out of focus, is that of Scheffler's awful wife. Vain, bright, restless, and inept, this selfish and domineering woman who puts everyone's back up has a way of getting things done. She is a nuisance to everyone, but just when they are hating her most, she gets at them because she is fundamentally courageous and unhappy. The scene in which Otraveskov bluffs his way into Scheffler's prison is first-class adventure. What a good adventure story, indeed, this would have been without the padding!

"Days of Hope" (Routledge; 8*s*. 6*d*.) is André Malraux's new novel about his experiences in the air force of the Spanish Government in the first year of the civil war. It is about groups of people, the aviators, militiamen, and so on, and deals in reporting manner with the Government's victory in Barcelona, its defeat at Toledo, its stand before Madrid, and its triumph at Guadalajara. The distinction between this kind of book and, say, a newspaperman's narrative is that M. Malraux's is an interpretation of events in the terms of a highly intellectual imagination. One lives with Puig crashing his car into the enemy gun in the streets of Barcelona. One feels the awkwardness of those militiamen who gave cigarettes and razor-blades to the Fascists during the truce at Toledo; one sees the lorries overturn under the bomber's wing and the lights of Talavera suddenly go out. The obvious parallel is the German writer, Ludwig Renn; but Renn has the restrained stoical pacifism of the soldier. Malraux, like the anarchists, seems to see in violence a kind of necessary purgation—a civilian view. Like all reporting books, his suffers from closeness to people and the event, but it does catch the argumentativeness of the Government side far better than anyone else has done. People speak out of their natures, and not by the book. The flying passages are especially fine, and *Days of Hope* has none of the hysteria of *Days of Contempt*—its predecessor.

First Out of Eight Hundred

The new poster to advertise L.C.C. evening classes on hoardings all over London was designed by a young Yorkshire artist, G. Cranston Bogle. He won the £50 prize which brought 800 designs for the L.C.C. to choose from. L. Hertel, evening classes publicity officer, congratulates the winner, who has just left the Bradford College of Arts and Crafts for a job as designer with a London publishing firm

It is a relief to get out of the gunfire and to take up as true and pleasant a picture of Irish family life as Mr. Lennox Robinson's *Three Homes* (Michael Joseph; 10*s*. 6*d*.). Here is Victorian, Protestant Cork, very decorous, very placid, very pious, with its "At Homes," its tennis parties, and best china, and with an occasional drunk cook or a row about Parnell or comic railway guard to enliven it. Mr. Robinson has ingeniously given some of the story to a brother and sister who introduce the true family spirit of contradiction, and charm one with new twists of the telescope. Brother Tom's children's army in imitation of the garrison, had a wretched child called Charlie who was often kept from parade by his father, a naval officer with a passion for anniversaries: "Charlie, it is disgraceful that a son of mine should not know that on the glorious first of June, seventeen-ninety-four, Lord Howe completely destroyed the French fleet off Ushant." The book ends with an interesting account of how Mr. Lennox Robinson was weaned from his family's traditional Unionist politics and of his rise to early celebrity at the Abbey Theatre.

Those who have never read about Mr. Wilkinson and his puppet show should begin on *Puppets Through America* (Bles; 7*s*. 6*d*.). He is a quiet but most engaging writer and a traveller with the art of digging a good deal of amusement out of humdrum places. There is, for example, the resuscitated conversation between the first and original Mrs. Bloomer, of Yellow Springs, with a distinguished educationalist. Mrs. Bloomer maintained, against him, that she wore her invention "not as a personal fad" but that "a principle was involved." The domestic American never gets into the papers until he ceases to be domestic, but Mr. Wilkinson has got him before that disaster, with a very lively sentiment.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

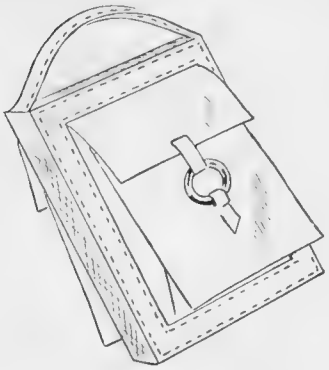
Even the most modern and sophisticated débutante will have a romantic air this season as she enters the ballroom wearing a crinoline, her hair parted demurely in the centre and dressed in Victorian ringlets, or else piled high on the crown of her head. This feeling for picture frocks grows stronger every day, and designers are making more than just a tentative bid for the true crinoline. The frou-frou of taffeta is heard in the charming dance frock above with a full, sweeping skirt, gauged over the hips to give a pannier line. It is striped alternately pink and blue, and is caught down the front with a spray of pink roses. The price is only six and a half guineas in the stock size department on the second floor at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, and it is also obtainable in rose pink striped with smoke grey. There are many other equally charming dresses in this department, and the prices are all moderate which makes a great difference to anyone with a rather small dress allowance

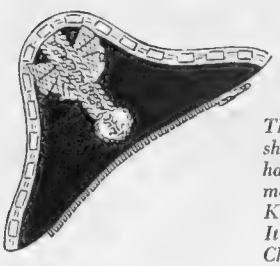
Focus on Felts

Most women like to feel they have a flair for clothes, but how many really appreciate the importance of being suitably dressed? This applies especially to hats, perhaps the greatest trap of all. Exotic headgear is all very well for those of us who live in town and move in smart circles, but for anyone whose home is in the country it is completely unsuitable. Practical shapes are necessary here and no one understands the art of designing these better than Henry Heath, 172, New Bond Street, who are responsible for the trio on this page. The new Autumn homburg is shown on the left in copper leaf fur felt with a shallow crown creased and stitched. It has a becoming sweep to the brim which turns up behind, and it costs 21s. 9d. A delightful glengarry in brown felt for 39s. 6d. is seen below on the right. It fits closely to the head and is enlivened by a tartan design worked with strips of coloured felt

The simple, straightforward lines of the Henry Heath sports hat on the left are ideal for tweeds and country wear in general. It is made in unspottable and rainproof felt with a petersham band. Both the crown and brim are adjustable and can be altered to suit the wearer. This hat which only costs 21s. 9d. without the feather mount, which is 3s. 6d. extra, is obtainable in a large selection of colours, including camel to go with the camel-hair coats, and Harris brown, the perfect shade for tweeds. Apart from sporting felts, Henry Heath have an attractive collection of town hats including a charming version of the postillion shape in hatter's plush. They specialise in shady hats for the tropics in pastel felt and linen; also double terais. Their illustrated catalogue is well worth writing for and will gladly be sent gratis and post free

The Bystander Twins in search of novelties



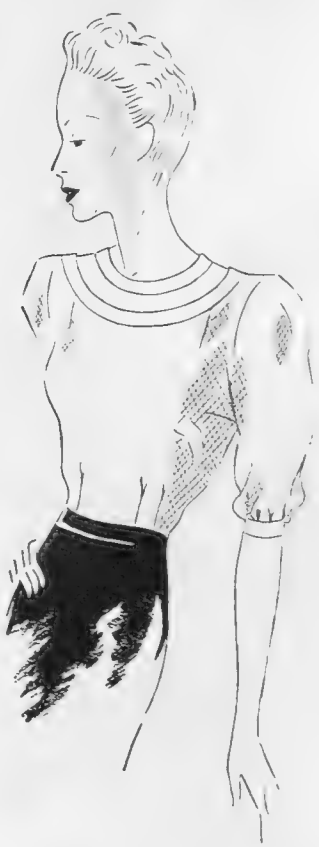


This bridge purse in the shape of a naval cocked hat was designed to commemorate the visit of the King and Queen to Paris. It has been named "Le Chapeau du Roi," costs 7s. 6d., and may be seen at Canby's, 17, Old Bond Street. This firm also have the double-sided sports bag above in wine-red calf, surrounded by a solid leather frame

The Centaur of Greek mythology is depicted on the black suède belt at the top of the page, while a simpler design in navy blue patent leather is sketched below it. This costs 32s. 6d., and has crossed leaves in front forming a corselet line. Both may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, who specialise in amusing accessories

Touches of gold can be very effective on a black dress provided they are not overdone, and many trimmings this season consist of gold kid motifs and gilt costume jewellery. Sketched above is a striking belt made up into a chain of black and gold leaves. It costs 24s. 6d., at Marshall and Snelgrove, and has an attractive clasp

Checks, large and small, are the keynote of Jaeger's autumn collection, which includes some fascinating tweeds in brilliant colours. A becoming Glengarry with a dog-tooth design is shown here with a printed spun silk scarf. The latter costs 10s. 6d., and is obtainable in all the new Jaeger colours to match their tweeds



Having chosen a brilliant check for your new Jaeger suit, you will need one of their plain wool stockinette blouses to wear alternately with their check pullovers. This one has a round neck, slightly padded shoulders, and full sleeves gathered into a band. It costs 39s. 6d., and is exceptionally becoming

Whether you are interested in astrology or merely superstitious, you should carry this planet handbag from Canby's, as it will bring you good luck. It costs three guineas in black suède and calf, mounted on a gilt frame. The inside, lined with corded silk, contains the usual fittings, including purse and mirror

Twin sets are an excellent invention, particularly for wearing in the country with an odd tweed skirt. Long-sleeved jumpers accompanied by sleeveless cardigans are being shown at Jaeger's, 204, Regent Street. Those sketched on the right are obtainable in various gay colours, including black and gold

Golf Clubs at Home

Teignmouth, Devonshire

The Teignmouth Golf Club lies on the high tableland of Little Haldon, more than 800 ft. above sea level. Magnificent views stretch to Berry Head, Portland Bill and Dartmoor. In two senses of the word this club occupies a high place among heath courses; laid out in 1924, the round utilises to the full its natural hazards and fine springy turf. Total length: 5628 yards

C. Yendell (captain)

(1) Morton Woolley (chairman of house committee). (2) L. Williams. (3) C. H. Hilton (committee). (4) A. F. Wills. (5) B. E. Russell. (6) W. H. Bow. (7) B. P. Cousins (director) and D. G. Matthew. (8) R. G. Parsons and W. E. Bird. (9) J. A. Matthew (committee), E. W. Parsons (committee) and W. C. Wallington (hon. secretary) (10) G. A. Please (steward) and L. W. Dymond (professional)

Watching Horses

Racing and Showing Off

The al fresco trio at right are Miss Anthea Gordon, Miss Thalia Gordon and Miss Noreen Magill. The occasion was the Wylye Valley hunter show. The Gordon twins, both excellent horsewomen, are the daughters of Mr. Charles Gordon, of Boveridge Park, near Salisbury

A Picnic in Heytsbury Park

A Wet Bowler at Brackley

Weather at the Brackley hunter show, held in Turweston Park, Brackley, was not so good; you can see the rain-spots on Earl Cadogan's buff bowler. Countess Cadogan was Primrose Yarde-Buller

Big Men of the Turf at Doncaster

Lord Rosebery, Lady Crewe and Lord Derby (right) were photographed outside the stables at Doncaster before the Glasgow Nursery Handicap. Lord Derby's Ministrone, with T. Weston up, won the race. Lord Rosebery's Titan came third in the Champagne Stakes

Miss Lewis, Lady Beatrix Hoare

The Hon. Anne Lewis and Lady Beatrix Hoare were judges at the Bath Horse Show, where poor weather did not damp the enthusiasm roused by a record entry in quantity and quality. Lady Beatrix Hoare is the sister of Lord Cadogan (above)

Miss de Trafford, Lord Andrew Cavendish

Miss Mary de Trafford is the second of Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford's four daughters; her mother is the cousin of Lady Beatrix Hoare (left). Lord Andrew Cavendish is the Duke of Devonshire's son. At Doncaster

Doncaster Smiles

Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, Lord Shaftesbury's younger daughter, was perhaps taking a tip from Sir Richard Sykes of Sledmere, one of the best qualified men at Doncaster to give one

In Front of Stoke Poges' Imposing Club-house the Holder, Lally Vagliano, Makes Her First Drive

***Sonia Vagliano** (Morfontaine) was beaten in the third round by Elizabeth Cross; her sister **Lally**, champion of 1937, lost her first match to Jean McIntyre*

The "Bystander" Girls' Golf Championship

Chapter I.: By Eleanor E. Helme

NEVER did a match seem safer for any side than the 1938 Girls' International for England. Not only on paper, but in actual play, for at half-time only one Scot was up, namely, Jean Donald, and one square, Sheila Stroyan. The rest with one accord were down. Perhaps nobody sees just how good a Scottish golfer is until she is down. Add to that the clan spirit, white heather in the button-hole and what not, and you have something extraordinarily hard to defeat. So at least admitted the best English side that has so far taken the field. If Scotland could go on to win the Championship, there would surely be no holding them, for nobody forgets that the Scottish Ladies hold the Home Internationals, and a Scottish lady, Mrs. Holm, the Open championship. This is Scotland's year with a vengeance. And at Stoke, of course, it was a Scot, Jean McIntyre, who beat the holder.

To return to Stoke on the International day. Joan Pemberton has been ill, and not playing; her golf gave some hint of it, and the good short game could not quite hold on to what it gained going out from Sheila Stroyan. Thus the inter-captain encounter went to Scotland. Maureen Ruttle equalised matters, playing amazingly powerful golf, witness her tee shot bunkered hole high at the 300 yards tenth, and extremely accurate, too, witness the way she got out of that bunker and sank the putt to win the hole in 3. All the same, that match looked in doubt up to the end, though Maureen did hold a lead of 5 up and 6 to play, for it was then that Jessie Baxter, far-famed for her fighting powers and her putting, pulled back hole after hole, in level 4's from the sixth to the sixteenth. In order of starting the third match was Pamela Brown's twentieth hole win from Margaret Long, a stirring story of the Scot three down quickly, two lost balls for the English girl coming in, one most unluckily close to the eleventh green; actually it finished when the score stood at three, and was, therefore, claimed as the deciding effort. England won the fourth, Joyce Dickerson, though not at her best, having too much power for Morag Morrison: Scotland took the fifth, Jean McIntyre playing extremely well, particularly round the green, and having the better luck of stymies against Anne Scargill; England won the sixth, Sonia Swinburne-Johnson finishing off Dorothy Frame with a great tee shot to within eight feet of the sixteenth, and Scotland won the seventh, Jean Donald, hitting the ball very well, just clinging on to enough of her lead against a most gallant counter-attack on the part of Betty Costin.

That evening was the dance at Stoke Court, when Scotland, with great restraint, had no triumphal dances—as I have seen their seniors executing under like circumstances—and not even a reel. Jessie Baxter filled the interval delightfully at the piano, and each girl seemed to have a prettier dress than the last, not forgetting a real Court frock in which Sonia Swinburne-Johnson had been presented this summer.

NEXT day the Girls' Golfing Society meeting. Miss Enid Pears, playing the short game beautifully, managed to win the senior scratch with 76, as she did last year; otherwise the Present kept the Past firmly in the background. Mary Daniels' gross 78 was excellent going; so was 81 gross from fifteen-year-old Elizabeth Price and Elizabeth Cross, while Muriel Coxall and Sheila Oakley, the latter winning the tie, fairly staggered the meeting with tieing at 84—19=65. You could only condole with Jeanne Bisgood, who won nothing with 69 net, seven below L.G.U. par. One hopes that a BYSTANDER spoon will be hers when September is out.

A good many of the best players, including all the French ones, decided not to compete that day. It seemed a wise move—and yet here am I writing at the end of the first day of the Championship, and only one French player remains. Who can tell what is wise at this strange game?

I NEVER remember a first day fuller of surprises and excitements, and when one remembers that the draw is seeded, so that presumably the best players do not meet till the end, it is all the odder, and immensely encouraging. Nobody, it seems, is too young, or too long a handicap, to have a chance. To be 4's, or near it, is to be expected of players such as Lally Vagliano, Sheila Stroyan, Maureen Ruttle. But here were England's two reserves, Diana Stephens and Pauline Rowand-Harker doing the same, let alone Anne Heywood who, with a 10 handicap, was not in any International side, and Jean Donald who played bottom for Scotland, and Sheila Oakley who has

***Sheila Oakley** (Tasmania) lost her second match to Morag Morrison; **Mary Daniels** (Knole Park) was beaten by Jean Pemberton; **Jean McClure** (Wanstead) was Sheila Oakley's first-round victim; **Elizabeth Price** (Farnham) lost her second match to Diana Stephens*

Y. M. Ogilvy (Le Zoute) and ***Doreen Cooke*** *(Ringway) lost on the first day,* ***Elizabeth Cross*** *(West Runton) in the fourth round to Jean Donald,* ***Diana Read*** *(Worplesdon) also in the first*

The three ***Thompson*** *sisters from North Berwick all lost their first matches:* ***Joan*** *7 and 6 to Ethel Anderson;* ***Wendy*** *by two holes to Anne Scargill; and* ***Morag*** *7 and 5 to Diana Stephens*

Ethel Anderson *(Leven) was beaten in the third round and* ***Audrey Taylor*** *(Oxford) in the second by Joan Pemberton;* ***Jeanne Bisgood*** *(R. Mid-Surrey) lost her second match to Sheila Stroyan, and* ***Pat Hayes*** *(Worplesdon) her first to Sonia Swinburne-Johnson*

only been at the game four months all told. How many more there were I do not attempt to say.

The first match out, Sheila Stroyan set the pace and the fashion, with fine golf, and after Jeanne Bisgood, Sheila Oakley, Morag Morrison, Elizabeth Price, and Diana Stephens had followed her came the first surprise, Ann Krabbé, taking her chances right bravely, beating Pamela Brown by hitting the pin with her third at the nineteenth. Close behind them came another surprise, for Jacqueline Carpentier had been greatly talked of before, and nobody had specially considered Anne Heywood. But the latter has come on enormously, hits the ball a huge way, had three 3's, and only real fighting pluck on the part of Jacqueline took the match on to the fifteenth. Anne (with an e) went on to beat her namesake without after lunch, again hitting the ball a long way, and the irons with real accuracy.

Audrey Taylor, Joan Pemberton, Betty McMaster—bravely taken to the nineteenth by Pamela Burchase—Ethel Anderson, these were the next lot of morning winners, and behind them came the biggest surprise of all, the defeat of Lally Vagliano, the holder, and quite the most finished golfer of the whole forty-seven, by Jean McIntyre who may take the credit for being one of the pluckiest. She was three down at the turn, playing not too well, whilst Lally was brilliant. But Jean does not know the meaning of the words "give in," and from the tenth hole onwards, for the rest of that match which she won on the last green, and for the whole of her afternoon win from Sonia Swinburne-Johnson, she played just about as sound good golf as any sixteen-year-old golfer could hope to play, long, straight, with splendid chipping and putting. She was never up until the seventeenth, but she finished that morning 2, 4, 4, and so deserved her win. There is always something sad about the defeat of a holder, but Lally, like every other loser, went on smiling delightfully, and she, unlike some of them, will fight again next year.

IN the afternoon those players who had drawn byes came into action, Jessie Baxter, Jean Donald, Elizabeth Cross, and Sonia Vagliano playing really well to survive at the top, Dorothy Frame, Betty Costin, Anne Scargill, and Maureen Ruttle doing the same at the bottom of the draw. Dorothy Frame's 7 and 6 win from Margaret Long was one of the major surprises of the day, for Margaret is one of the best young players in the Midlands, and not a few had pictured her as girl champion. Nothing went right for her, though.

With Sheila Stroyan, Morag Morrison (who found her game against the brilliant Sheila Oakley), Diana Stephens, Anne Heywood, Joan Pemberton, Ethel Anderson, Jean McIntyre and Pauline Rowand Harker, we have a last sixteen, out of whom I, for one, will name no winner. Any of them might beat any of the others, for all I can see.

PERHAPS at the moment vision is a little obscured by the glorious news which has just come through, long after championship girls should have been in bed, that Great Britain has won the Foursomes of the Curtis Cup by 2½ to ½. The Girls' at Stoke sent them a cable of good wishes, and were proud to see an answering one adorning the notice board, and there was a great scene of rejoicing as the news arrived.

Joyce Dickerson *(Old Ranfurly) was beaten 5 and 4 by Pauline Rowand Harker on the first day*

Frances Stephens *(Bootle), at fourteen years and two months the youngest competitor, was beaten 7 and 6 by Elizabeth Cross*

Annie Bourke *(Mid Kent) was badly beaten (8 and 7) in her first match by Jean Donald*

An Australian entrant, ***Joan Devine*** *(Royal Melbourne), was another first-round loser, by 2 and 1 to Morag Morrison*

Jean Moir Scott *(Rosemount), Dundee, met Elizabeth Price in the first round and lost by 7 and 6*

Howard Marshall on Sport

THE games of summer linger on, however much the weather may persuade us that winter has already arrived. News comes reverberating from Philadelphia of America's Davis Cup victory, and the American columnists have been dusting the pants of the foot-fault judge who appears to have put Quist off his game at a critical moment.

Apparently the judge delayed his foot-faulting until the Australian had looked like winning the first set from Budge. No one questions the justice of the judge's decisions. The point is that Quist, by all accounts, had been foot-faulting from the beginning, and accordingly should have been penalised immediately.

The whole affair seems to me rather absurd. Not only that—Budge appears to have thrown away points deliberately because he disagreed with the judge, and this is entirely mistaken magnanimity. There is far too much arguing with the referee nowadays in most games, and great players do their own particular branch of sport a disservice by such flouting of official decisions.

IT is unlikely that Budge will represent America again in Davis Cup matches, for it is now tolerably certain that very shortly he will announce his decision to join the professional circus. Doubtless Budge will make a good deal of money, and no one will complain about that, but I doubt whether he will ever arouse much interest if he plays as a professional in this country. Exhibitions of lawn tennis have not caught on over here, probably because they lack the true incentive to victory which the Championship meeting provides.

Who is to be Budge's successor as champion? I should plump for young John Bromwich, who so vastly impressed the critics by his form for Australia in the Davis Cup matches. There is already very little to choose between Bromwich and Budge, and it would be vastly interesting to see Bromwich at Wimbledon next summer, though in all probability the Australians, in their pursuit of the Davis Cup, will again give the Championships a miss.

WHILE we are wandering round the world like this, I have just had a very interesting letter from South Africa. My impressively knowledgeable correspondent says that the M.C.C. team which is to tour South Africa this winter has given general satisfaction, and I only hope that H. T. Bartlett, the Sussex left-hander, will get going in earnest over there. At the moment, though, our Springbok friends are mainly concerned with Rugby football, and this letter tells me that despite the British team's bad luck with injuries, the play of the backs has been a revelation to South African crowds.

This is rather surprising, and the standard of Rugby football at home must be considerably higher than some of us have thought for the last season or two.

When we find that our backs can teach their South African rivals something, and that Mark Nicholls, the great New Zealand three-quarter, is pessimistically agreeing that New Zealand Rugby has fallen upon such lean times that it may never recover, we are bound to sit up and take notice.

IF we had been able to send a fully representative team to South Africa, and our players had steered clear of injuries, we might well have won the Test matches. As it is, it looks as if our own international season this winter will be considerably affected by the accidents which have befallen our tourists.

Partners and Opponents

In the Middlesex Junior Tennis Championships Jean Nicoll (15) and Muriel Harris (17) won the girls' doubles; in the singles' final they met, and Jean won. She also won the mixed doubles with her brother, who won the boys' singles

A pity; but there is one more point raised by my correspondent. He maintains that South African Rugby has become unnecessarily rough, and that this tendency causes many accidents on the hard grounds. I can only say that this is the first time I have heard such an accusation, and it takes me by surprise, for the last South African team over here played in the best possible spirit.

As a happier and more domestic note, let me record the fact that the Upper Clapton Club are celebrating their Diamond Jubilee this year, and it is a privilege to call attention to fifty years of fine tradition and worthy performance. Upper Clapton open their season on September 17th with a match against the London Welsh, and in this important year in the club's history all Rugby followers will wish them luck and long life.

ANOTHER winter game which begins with high hopes is hockey, and it will be interesting to see what effect the changes in the rules will have upon the standard of play in general.

The changes are of vital importance, for hooking has been abolished, and the foot may no longer be used to stop the ball on the ground. These alterations are the sequel to years of agitation and discussion, and there is surely no doubt that they will greatly improve the game. All experience suggests that the elimination of hooking will do away with much rough play, though it may take some time for players to remember that they may not interfere with their opponents' sticks in any way. As for foot-stopping, that also is an improvement from every point of view, and the general standard of hockey may be expected to advance correspondingly.

FINALLY, it is unfortunate that the Doyle-Phillips fight has had to be postponed on account of Doyle's rib injury. A postponement is hard on promoters, but even more tiresome for the boxers whose whole training schedule is upset. Doyle, as a matter of fact, reached the peak of condition a fortnight ago, and he will do very little training until a day or so before the fight.

It is odd how often boxers nowadays seem troubled by injuries, particularly to their hands. Peter Kane, due to meet Jackie Jurich, of America, for the world fly-weight title at Liverpool on September 22nd, is having bother with his right hand, and that is hardly calculated to increase his confidence.

These brittle modern hands make you wonder how the old knuckle-fighters stood up to their hours of pounding. They used to pickle their fists in brine, though such a simple hardening process would probably not appeal to our more scientific young fire-eaters.

Summer Winter Sports

Captain Edward Beddington Behrens is near the top of Pitz Palü, the second highest peak of the Bernina massif. The picture was taken in August. Note the roped ski as precaution on a steep traverse

Winner and Owner

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Ancients v. Moderns

I WAS at Ganton at the beginning of the month when an interesting Team Match was played, one side consisting of ex-Yorkshire champions and golfers who have represented Yorkshire at golf in the past, and the other of players who are still playing for Yorkshire or likely to do so in the near future. The match was announced as "Ancients" v. "Moderns," and was played by foursomes under handicap, each side being represented by twenty players.

The top match saw four very good golfers opposed to each other; in it T. J. Thirsk and J. A. Stout of the "Ancients" defeated A. T. Kyle, the Walker Cup player, and J. W. Butler by 5 and 4 in the morning and 3 and 2 after lunch. It was nice to see Stout playing really well again. About two years ago he had his appendix removed and has since then played practically no serious golf. He has lately had trouble with his spine and consequently now only hits the ball miles from the tee instead of miles and miles as he used to. It was the short game of the "Ancients" in this match which decided it in their favour. Both Stout and Thirsk are beautiful putters and chippers, and Stout put so many chip shots stone dead that Thirsk had little chance of showing how good a putter he is.

If you drive well and far and putt and chip well you can nearly always get good results even if your other shots are not well struck. Stout and Ted Ray, who was professional to the Ganton Golf Club for nine years after Harry Vardon, his predecessor, had gone South to Totteridge, are very good examples of what can be done by long driving plus good putting and chipping.

Ted Ray won the American Open Championship in 1920 and the Open Championship in 1912 at Muirfield. Harry Vardon won the American Open Championship in 1900 and the Open Championship on occasions too numerous to mention. Thus the Ganton Golf Club has had as professionals the only two Britons who have won both these Championships. Stout who won the English Championship in 1928, has been captain of the Ganton Golf Club and holds the amateur record of the course with a score of 70. He has played twice in Walker Cup matches, at Sandwich in 1930 and at Brooklyn, Mass., in 1932. He had a great match in the Walker Cup Match at Sandwich where he was defeated, after having had a commanding lead, by Don Moe, who played the last fifteen holes of the match in wonderful figures; he got square on the thirty-fifth green and won with a 3 at the thirty-sixth hole, where his second shot off a bare hanging lie was one of the finest golf shots I have ever seen. It finished a few inches from the hole. At Brooklyn Stout halved his single with Jesse Sweetser, so he has reason to be satisfied with his performances in Walker Cup Matches.

I do not think that you can fairly call Thirsk an "Ancient" as he is still a good enough golfer to play for England. He would have played in the Amateur Championship at Troon this year if he had not spent so much time away from business carrying out his duties as a member of our Walker Cup Team Selection Committee. It was indeed a fine performance on the part of Thirsk and Stout to beat such good young golfers as Kyle, who won his single in the Walker Cup Match this year and played the winning shot of the match, and Butler, who acquitted himself with great credit in the last English Championship at Moortown last April.

The match at Ganton was a very close affair. The "Moderns" held a lead of one game at lunch time and they managed to hold on to this lead of one point to the end of the day's play. The finish was very thrilling: with one result to come in, the "Moderns" still held their lead, and the last match saw the "Ancients" drive off the eighteenth tee dormie one; each side were in bunkers near the green in two shots. Commander J. G. Edwards, who is a brother of the famous lady golfer, Mrs. M. L. Clarke, played a good shot out, and although his side got a 5 it was not good enough as the "Moderns" put their bunker shot stone dead to halve their individual match and to give their side the narrowest possible victory.

This match which was organised by the Yorkshire Union of Golf Clubs could be copied with advantage by other counties. At all games nothing does young players more good than playing with older good players, and although the older players may get beaten the younger ones, if they show intelligence, are bound to learn something about both the playing and the spirit of the game. The course at Ganton was in beautiful playing condition. The new secretary, Gordon Wright, who was previously secretary to the Bridlington Golf Club, has, although a young man, an extensive knowledge of turf and its treatment. He is a nephew of Norman Hackett, who worked so hard to start the Board of Green-Keeping Research at Bingley, where Wright himself worked for some months just after this station was opened.

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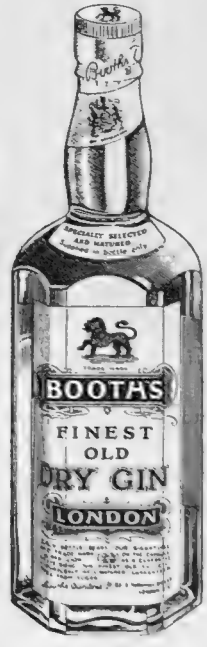

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C.F.H

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

NEXT Saturday the British Racing Drivers' Club will run its Brooklands meeting, which replaces the late-lamented 500-miles race. Whereas I personally deeply regret the passing of the world's fastest long-distance event, yet I agree that it is futile to run a race unless it attracts support from both the competitors and spectators.

Certainly the B.R.D.C. road race has attracted support from competitors. E.R.A. cars will be driven by Mays, "Bira," Wakefield, Rolt, Earl Howe, Connell, Tongue, Wilson, Cotton, and (a newcomer to the marque) the Hon. Peter Aitken. In fact, only Dobson, Pollock and Ansell are missing among E.R.A. drivers, and the former is absent because he is running in Italy. Evans and possibly Arbuthnot will be running Alfa-Romeos, while Abecassis and Lord Avebury will handle Altas. Rileys will be driven by Maclure and Gerrard and M.G.'s by J. H. T. Smith and Cudden-Fletcher. T.T. winner Louis Gerard has entered his Delage; Charles Dodson may drive one of Count Heyden's Delahayes, and Rayson and Hanson Maseratis; while a very interesting newcomer to Brooklands for this race, who will be at the wheel of one of Count Lurani's Maseratis, is Baron Manoel de Teffé, Brazilian Vice-Consul at Zurich.

Baron de Teffé has a distinguished racing career. In 1935 he was sixth in the Argentine 500 miles race, and the following year he ran third in both the Rio de Janeiro and the San Paulo Grands Prix. Last year he broke Hans Stuck's hill climb record in the Petropolis Hill Climb (whatever that may be!) by two seconds; and this year, driving a 1500 c.c. Maserati, he finished fourth in his class and ninth in the general classification in the Tripoli Grand Prix, following this up with a fifth in the Targa Florio. Now let 's see what he makes of the Brooklands road circuit in the B.R.D.C. road race over sixty laps (approximately 192 miles).

The race is a handicap affair, with supercharged cars up to 1100 c.c. and non-supercharged cars up to 1500 c.c. receiving five laps; and supercharged cars up to 1500 c.c. and non-supercharged cars up to 3750 c.c. receiving one lap from the rest.

The B.R.D.C. are also running a 50-miles outer circuit race on Saturday, for which entries include George Harvey-Noble at the wheel of the Bimotore Alfa, Oliver Bertram with the Barnato-Hassan Special, Dunham with the Alvis, Elgood's Bentley, Follett's Railton, Baker Carr's Hotchkiss, Baker's Graham-Paige, and Wooding's Talbot.

THE Tourist Trophy race was simply terrific if viewed from one of the corners round the course, but was far from stirring for those who remained in the paddock or the grand-stand. I should never have believed that the modern sports car could take such punishment uncomplainingly. How the tyres stood up to the treatment they received amazed me. As the cars squealed round the corners they tucked right under until their rims seemed to be in contact with the road, and then, as the drivers straightened out, they came back again to their normal shape—and size.

Louis Gerard's (winner) almost hysterical exhibitions at the hairpin had to be seen to be believed. He ignored all the laws of balance and gravity and got away with it time after time, while his gyrations as he charged down the hill to the Melbourne Corner are not yet fully believed even by those who saw them! St. John Horsfall drove his Aston-Martin magnificently and fully deserves all the complimentary things which are being said of him for gaining second place. The Rileys which captured the team prize were also very steadily and well driven.

I thought it a little pointed that so many co-drivers were given their chance the moment the rain started.

WHEN the Ministry of Transport approached the R.A.C. some months ago on the subject of reliability trials, there were not a few pessimists who thought they saw in this the sealing of the doom of such events. Hopes revived on the publication of recommendations by the R.A.C. and the A.C.U.

Now, however, we have some tangible proof that the M.O.T. does not take such a jaundiced view of this sport as the pessimists would have had us believe, for although the Minister of Transport has confirmed an order by the Cheshire County Council to close Bank Lane, Rainow, Cheshire to vehicular traffic, he has added a proviso that the particular section of this road known as Jenkin's Chapel, the well-known test hill, shall still be available for use in the course of motor-car or motor-cycle "reliability trials held under the permit of the Royal Automobile Club or the Auto-Cycle Union."

This is the first occasion on which a concession of this nature has been granted by the authorities. It is regarded by the two bodies concerned as being of the greatest importance in that it does by implication recognise the value of reliability trials in the development of cars and motor-cycles; nevertheless it should be noted that the order allows the use of the hill only "in the course of" reliability trials. It does not permit the use of the hill for practising.

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The Story of Old Smith

(Continued from page 419)

"Good Lord! And she 's how much?"

"A hundred and two," said George. "Lives in Sussex."

"I saw something about it in the papers. But, of course, one doesn't realise that an old lady like that would have a son of eighty. Promising lad. I suppose she still tells him off for not wearing his warm vests and so on. I must remember that story. Listen, here 's old Colonel Stopford. Let me tell him."

"No," said George firmly. "It 's my story. I 'll tell it myself."

"Anyway, it 'll be a waste of time. Old Stopford is, I should say, almost half-witted and only understands words of one syllable. He 's a most hopeless old——"

"Shut up, he 'll hear you," said George. "I say, Colonel, what do you think of this?" he continued.

Colonel Stopford had joined the group.

"What 's all this?" he demanded sharply.

"Rather an extraordinary thing happened to me the other day——"

"That 's nothing," interrupted Colonel Stopford sharply. "Extraordinary things are always happening. And why you should imagine you ought to be immune from them I can't think."

"Anyway," persisted George, "I 've got an old man of eighty who works for me——"

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself," thundered Colonel Stopford. "Making an old man like that work at eighty. Damned disgrace!"

George appeared rather crestfallen.

"Well, as a matter of fact, he doesn't work——"

"Now, let 's get this business quite clear," said Colonel Stopford sharply. "Does this fellow work for you, or does he not?"

"I let him do what he likes," said George apologetically. "He likes to think he 's still in harness."

"And quite right too," said Colonel Stopford.

"He said he wanted to go away for a week."

"I don't think that is extraordinary," said Colonel Stopford. "I often go away for a week myself and I 'm well under eighty. So if an old man of eighty can't take a week off now and then, who the devil can?"

George shook his head sadly. He was not being very successful with his story.

"He was going away to see somebody," he said. "Now, who do you think he was going to see?" he demanded triumphantly.

"His mother, I suppose," said Colonel Stopford, with decision.

Everybody gasped.

"Well, yes," said George in a subdued voice. "He was going to see his mother. But don't you think it 's rather extraordinary?"

"Extraordinary," repeated Colonel Stopford. "What 's extraordinary about that?"

George cleared his throat.

"Don't you think it is extraordinary that an old man of eighty should be going to visit his mother——"

"No, I don't," snapped Colonel Stopford. "No matter what the fellow's age is, he ought to go to see his mother. It 's his duty."

"But don't you think——" said Harry.

"No, I don't," said Colonel Stopford irritably. "A man's mother is, or should be, his first consideration. Of course, I don't know what you may feel about it. You 've travelled about and mixed with a lot of foreigners. I don't know what they think of their mothers, and, what 's more, I don't care. But we in England think a lot of our mothers, and by God, it 'll be a sorry day if ever we don't."

So saying, Colonel Stopford stamped off.

"The trouble is," said Harry, "the trouble with old Stopford is, that he won't listen to reason."

"He doesn't recognise it when he hears it," I retorted. "I told you he 's the biggest fool in the Club."

"May be," said George pensively. "But he gets the answer right, doesn't he?"

"Where you went wrong was that you made your story too elaborate. Now here 's Sir Milner Gibbard. He 's a bit deaf, so we can't afford to put a lot of frills on to a story for him. I 'll tell it this time. What do you think of this, Sir Milner?"

Sir Milner patted him on the back.

"Well, Harry, how are things with you? What?"

"Very well, Sir Milner," said Harry in a loud voice. "I 've got rather an amusing story to tell you."

"Splendid," said Sir Milner.

"Short and sharp does it," said Harry.

"Quite," said Sir Milner.

"There 's an old chap of eighty I employ to do little odd jobs," said Harry in a loud voice. "The other day he went away for a week to visit somebody. Now, who do you think he was going to see?"

Sir Milner paused for a few moments to consider this question. Finally he spoke.

"That 's very good of you, old boy. I think I 'd like a glass of sherry."

THE END.

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DON'T pay exorbitant prices for your furs. Come to the City and buy direct from the actual makers at lowest WHOLESALE PRICE—all intermediate profits are entirely eliminated—thus our customers obtain their furs at "First Price" securing the finest possible value in finest furs.

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MAGNIFICENT VALUE!

Luxurious model from our New Autumn Collection in fine quality feather-weight Shorn Beaver, perfectly matched skins

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Sent on Approval.

City Fur Store

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The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the BYSTANDER during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

August Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Somerville	Hull	83	17	66	75	9 below
Mrs. D. Builder	Moseley	82	14	68	75	7 „
Miss M. E. Duckett	Blackburn	80	14	66	73	7 „
Mrs. Drapkin	Frinton	83	15	68	75	7 „
Mrs. Field	North Oxford	80	16	64	71	7 „
Miss V. Urie	Kilmarnock	80	10	70	76	6 „
Mrs. Sutton	Erewash Valley	81	13	68	74	6 „
Miss R. M. Homer	Walmley	81	14	67	73	6 „
Mrs. J. H. Rowe	Cardiff	80	15	65	71	6 „
Mrs. A. D. Cave	Aberdovey	87	18	69	75	6 „
Mrs. W. Waring	Hamilton, New Zealand	84	18	66	72	6 „
Miss M. Wick	Hornsea	76	5	71	76	5 „
Miss E. M. Crew	Macclesfield	76	9	67	72	5 „
Mrs. Jopling	Goodwood	80	12	68	73	5 „
Mrs. F. Stowers	Cuddington	85	14	71	76	5 „
Miss P. Gray	Elie and Earlsferry	82	10	72	76	4 „
Mrs. F. Lambert	Sale	81	12	69	73	4 „
Mrs. E. Ingleby	Baildon	81	13	68	72	4 „
Mrs. Bebbington	Hillside	84	14	70	74	4 „
Mrs. Fargus	Hornsea	87	15	72	76	4 „
Mrs. J. Wylie	Bombay Presidency	88	16	72	76	4 „
Mrs. N. Foster	Withington	85	16	69	73	4 „
Mrs. Brooks	Heysham	77	4	73	76	3 „
Miss D. Boam	Bulwell Hall	80	13	67	70	3 „
Mrs. E. B. Reid	Moray	87	14	73	76	3 „
Mrs. Thornton	West Bowling	83	15	68	71	3 „
Mrs. H. Reynolds	Aldeburgh	90	18	72	75	3 „
Miss J. Southam	Walmer and Kingsdown	74	2	72	74	2 „
Mrs. A. Bason	Prestbury and Upton	77	4	73	75	2 „
Mrs. Dazeley	Northampton	77	5	72	74	2 „

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss R. Barker	Rhos-on-Sea	95	35	60	76	16 below
Miss M. Boughton	Chigwell	94	36	58	74	16 „
Mrs. Wakeford	Worsley	86	25	61	73	12 „
Mrs. J. Bruce	Nairn	89	26	63	75	12 „
Miss S. Hooman	Aldeburgh	90	27	63	75	12 „
Mrs. P. E. Thompson	Walmer and Kingsdown	95	33	62	74	12 „
Mrs. M. Norman-Thomas	West Lancashire	88	27	61	72	11 „
Miss S. J. Walls	Shooter's Hill	91	30	61	72	11 „
Miss S. Errington	Pollard's Hill	91	31	60	71	11 „
Mrs. D. Frey	Ealing	99	35	64	75	11 „
Mrs. D. L. Bunting	Derby	97	36	61	72	11 „
Miss Williams	North Oxford	80	19	61	71	10 „
Mrs. Thomas	Malden	89	24	65	75	10 „
Mrs. F. Burrows	Ringway	87	25	62	72	10 „
Miss E. Blasson	Fairhaven	92	28	64	74	10 „
Mrs. Rowell	Amble	88	30	58	68	10 „
Miss G. Tinmouth	South Shields	97	31	66	76	10 „
Miss M. M. Rocques	Dulwich and Sydenham	100	35	65	75	10 „
Miss F. M. Hutson	Shooter's Hill	92	29	63	72	9 „
Mrs. H. T. Tate	Sherwood Forest	99	34	65	74	9 „
Mrs. John Bruce	Nairn	102	36	66	75	9 „
Miss E. Strong	Hearsall (Coventry)	93	27	66	74	8 „
Mrs. Mussared	Marino (Australia)	87	27	60	68	8 „
Miss B. C. Bacon	Elgin	95	29	66	74	8 „
Miss L. Lloyd	Royal Melbourne	96	32	64	72	8 „
Miss M. B. Webster	Macclesfield	96	32	64	72	8 „
Miss M. McGaghey	Huyton	101	36	65	73	8 „
Mrs. E. M. White	Amble	96	36	60	68	8 „
Mrs. Holden	Cheadle	96	36	60	68	8 „
Mrs. S. Nicolls	Chislehurst	84	21	63	70	7 „

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(17th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(13th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938.

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1937 or 1938, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1938. No Entrance Fee

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone No*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON SEPTEMBER

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

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COAT in black Bouclette cloth, attractively trimmed Silver-fox. Suitable for smart occasions. Price **18½** Gns

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Rosemary Averil Ballance

Is the only daughter of the late Sir Hamilton Ballance, and Lady Ballance, of 30, Lower Park, S.W.15. She is engaged to the Rev. Anthony W. G. Cope, elder son of the late Rev. C. E. Cope and Mrs. Cope, of Daldene, E. Grinstead, Sussex

Bassano

Patricia Mackey

Is the daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. H. J. A. Mackey, and Mrs. Mackey, of 45b, Nevern Square, S.W.5. She will be married in October to Arthur J. E. Johnson, Royal Signals, son of the late Dr. A. G. Johnson, of Hull, and Mrs. Johnson, of 11, Porchester Terrace, W.2

Lenare

Barbara Crossley

Will be married on October 1st to Major Humphrey G. Lambert, Royal Artillery, son of the late Frank Lambert and Mrs. Lambert, of Langholm, Beverley, Yorks. She is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Eric Crossley, of Tadmarton House, Banbury, Oxon

Bassano

Estelle Carol Davidson

Will be married on October 22nd to Geoffrey D. S. Crossman, eldest son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Crossman and Lady Crossman, of Buckhurst Hill, Essex. She is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. G. F. Davidson, of Waltham Abbey, Essex

Lenare

Vivien Mary Darwin

Will be married in October to Claude R. H. Kindersley, H.L.I., son of Lt.-Col. A. O. L. Kindersley and the late Mrs. Kindersley, of Hampstead Grange, Isle of Wight. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. C. J. W. Darwin, of Elston Hall, Nottinghamshire, and 10, Montague Mews North, W.1

Lenare

Kathleen Farmar

Announced her engagement last month to Alfred Kenneth Dudley Butt, only son of Sir Alfred and Lady Butt, of 19, St. James's Square, S.W.1. She lives in The Albany, is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. Farmar, of Shanklin, Isle of Wight

Pearl Freeman

Daphne Cowdy

Is being married next week to John Corbett, only son of the late David Corbett, and Mrs. Green, of Malone Hill Park, Belfast. She is the daughter of the late Edward Cowdy, and Mrs. Cowdy, of Summer Island, Loughgall, Co. Armagh

Lenare

Peggy Hopper

Will be married on September 27th to Charles Longstaff, son of Major and Mrs. C. L. Longstaff, of Nearfield House, Lichfield, Staffs. She is the only daughter of the late Harold Stephenson Hopper and Mrs. Douglas Thompson, of Kellythorpe, Driffield

Lenare

Agnes Mary Ellison

Is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Craufurd Ellison, of Pit Folly, Wilton, Salisbury. She has announced her engagement to Edward Hugh Colville, Royal Artillery, elder son of Captain and Mrs. Wakeman-Colville, of Coton Hall, Bridgnorth, Salop

Lenare

Heather Gerrard

Is the younger daughter of Professor W. I. Gerrard, of Hong Kong University, and Mrs. Gerrard, and has announced her engagement to Capt. Reginald F. Walter, Royal Artillery, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walter, of 58, Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10

Janet Wyatt

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wyatt, of 63, Oakwood Court, W.14, and will be married shortly to Capt. Rex Holloway, Royal Engineers, son of the late Major-Gen. B. Holloway, and Mrs. Holloway, of Vancouver, B.C.

Pearl Freeman

Pamela More O'Ferrall

Will be married on October 12th to Flight Lt. R. S. Howe, son of the late J. H. Howe, and Mrs. Howe, of Johannesburg. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald More O'Ferrall, of Lisard, Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford, and a niece of the Earl of Granard

Jefferson — Bonar

Thomas Kenneth Jefferson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jefferson, of the Manor House, Knowle, Warwickshire, and Marjorie Hunter Bonar, daughter of J. H. D. Bonar, of Tighnduin, Monifieth, Angus, were married at St. Mary's, Dundee

Temple — Graham

Howard Gordon Temple, 52nd Light Infantry, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Temple, married Muriel Gwendolen Graham, daughter of Harold Graham, J.C.S., Bengal, and Mrs. Graham, of Brockenhurst, Hants., at St. George's, Hanover Square

Macrae — Neill

Capt. Ian Duncan Macrae, Seaforth Highlanders, and Frances Ayliffe Neill were married at St. Baldred's, North Berwick. He is the son of the late Col. Roderick Macrae, and Mrs. Macrae, of Druidaig, Glensheil, Ross-shire, and she is the daughter of the late Balfour Neill, and Mrs. Norman Bayles, of Dromore, Gullane, East Lothian

Cornish-Bowden — Wright

James Hubert Cornish-Bowden, of Black Hall, Avonwick, Devon, and Nancy Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey F. Wright, of Whiddon, Bovey Tracey, Devon, were married last week at Bovey Tracey Parish Church

Fawke — Morris

Hugh P. N. Fawke, of the Old Farm House, Sevenoaks, Kent, was married to Joan Margaret Morris at Roehampton Parish Church. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Morris, of 4, Queen's Drive, Barnes Common, S.W.13

Sheridan Young — Heasman

Peter Dumaresq Sheridan Young, Royal Artillery, and Beryl Plowden Heasman were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the only son of Mrs. Sheridan Young, of the Hurst, Church Crookham, Hants. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Heasman, of 23, New Cavendish Street, W.1

Navana

Veryan Rosamond Acworth

Is engaged to Paymaster-Lieut. Charles Thorneycroft Wheen, R.N., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Thorneycroft Wheen, of Holmbury, Chislehurst, Kent. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Acworth, of Chobham, Surrey, and grand-daughter of the late Kepple Foote, R.N.

Cannons of Hollywood

Mary Elizabeth Woodroffe

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Dobree Woodroffe, of Swanage, Dorset, and has announced her engagement to Martin Burdon, Central India Horse, son of Sir Ernest Burdon, Auditor-General of India

Lenare

Gladys Mary Turner

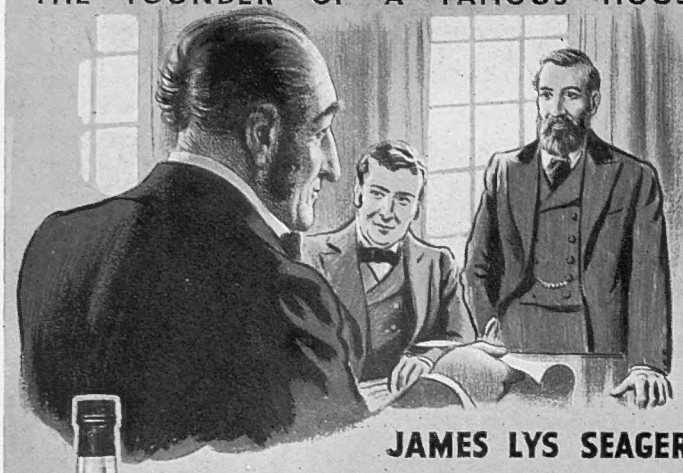
Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Turner, of Bramfield House, near Hertford. She has announced her engagement to Norman Vincent Craig, younger son of the late Vincent Craig, and Mrs. Craig, of 169, Queen's Gate, S.W.7

Pearl Freeman

Dorothy Stansfield

Is the only child of the late Major G. H. Stansfield, of Studley Mount, Monkseaton, Northumberland, and Mrs. Arthur Dixon, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. She will marry on October 18th Arthur Desmond Nunweek, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nunweek, of Sandygate Grange, Sheffield

THE FOUNDER OF A FAMOUS HOUSE



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AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Temple Bar 3161). 6.25 & 9. Mats. Sats. 2.30. Mon. Sept. 12th. RENEE HOUSTON & DONALD STEWART; TWO LESLIES; Buster Shaver with Olive & George; Micky Braatz; Seven Molinoffs; Nat Mills & Bobbie; Three Swifts; Leonard Henry; Eddie Gordon; Ralph Silvester.

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Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

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Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof). — First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms. fr. R.M. 3.50 onwards.

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Wiesbaden.–Htl.–Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every pos. comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M. 10

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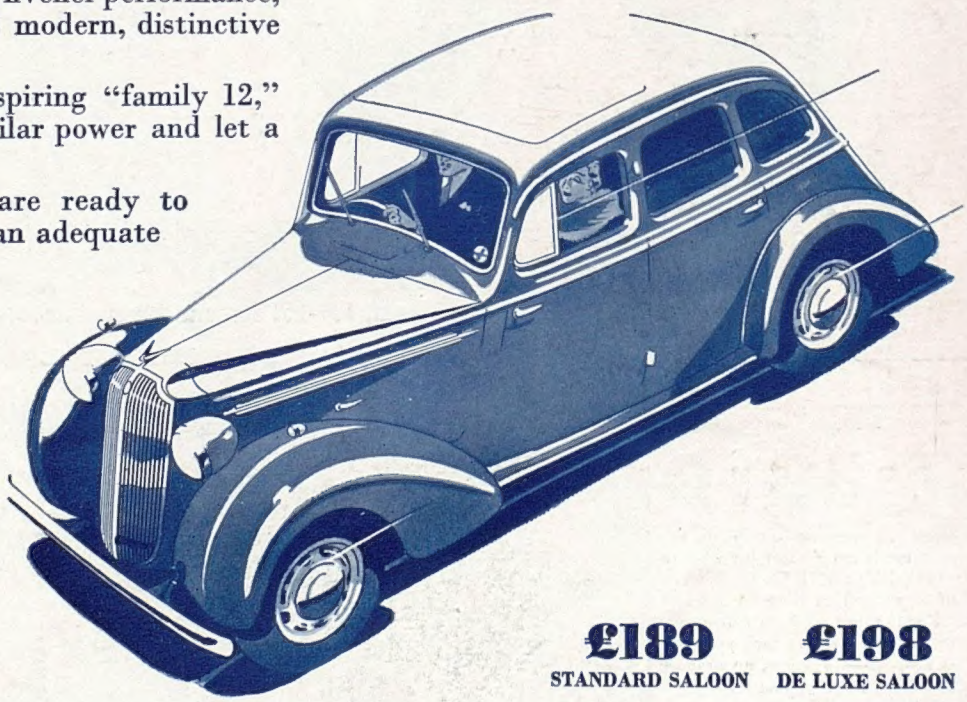

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